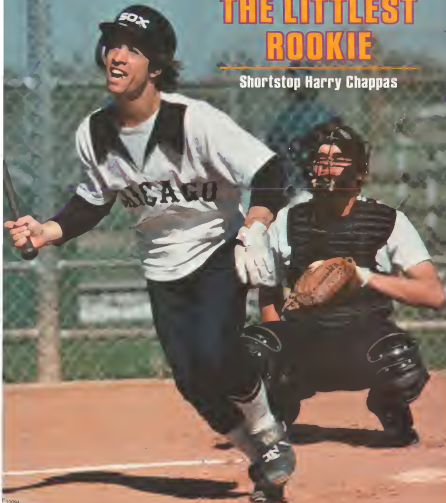


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 19, 1979 \$1.25

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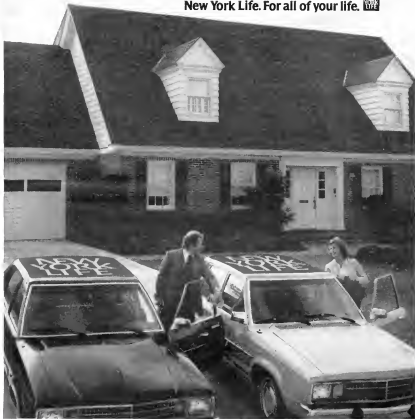
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BOOKTALK

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

A TRIPLE-THREAT BULLFIGHTING FAN WRITES, DRAWS, PUBLISHES HIS VIEWS

There were a number of things that intrigued me about *Portrait of the Bullfight* (Sunrise Press, \$8.95). For one thing, I have always disliked bullfighting, for the reason most Americans dislike it—it seems disproportionately hard on the bull. But when this book unexpectedly landed on my desk, right away I fell in love with the animal depicted on the cover. He looked not at all menacing; his expression seemed more one of curiosity than all temper. Were it not for his fighting stance and the clearly defined attributes of a bull, I might have mistaken him for a cow.

Inside the book, prefacing each of the 24 short stories, were pen-and-ink sketches of other peculiar-looking bulls, some of which seemed to have been done rather hurriedly, often as if they had been started but never quite finished. A few of the drawings I thought were quite good, showing the fluid motion of strength in action.

The stories, I soon discovered, were really vignettes, depicting various aspects of what goes on inside and outside the arena. To my surprise, I found myself going from one vignette to another not only with pleasure, but also anticipation. The author, with the un-Spanish name of John Leibold, was clearly more writer than artist. His style was simple and straightforward with a strong touch of Hemingway. Leibold plunged into the heart of his tale like a man with a jackhammer bearing down on concrete, and when he had said what he started out to say he stopped. My favorite was about a teen-ager wearing an old pair of jeans and carrying a home-made muleta, who leapt into the ring for a moment of glory before the scheduled bullfight began.

"He might have pulled it off all right," writes Leibold—"there wasn't anyone near enough to stop him—but his foot caught on the fence as he cleared the passageway and instead of landing on his feet he pitched forward headfirst into the ring.... Then the bull was on him and we couldn't see anything except the pulsating, driving headquarters of the bull as he thrust and shoved and gored at the writhing body caught in the angle against the fence." The bull was diverted, and the kid stood up, miraculously unharmed, "and started breaking off his clothes.... We watched silently as he stood there, and then as we began to breathe again he started to cry. He was a big loutish-looking kid and as he came through the opening in the fence to meet the police, you could see the tears running down

his cheeks and the hurt look on his face. Out in the middle of the ring the bullfighter stepped forward and swung his cape. As the bull charged, the crowd roared."

When I had finished reading *Portrait of the Bullfight*, I tried telephoning the Sunrise Press. I was curious about Leibold and about a publishing company located in Chandler, Ariz. There was no Sunrise Press listed; the operator told me, but yes, there were two John Leibolds. The first turned out to be a dentist who had never been close enough to a bull to inspect its molars. "We get these calls all the time," said the dentist's secretary.

I caught up with author John Leibold in Tempe, Ariz., and we chatted about his book. The Sunrise Press, he told me, had been created for the sole purpose of publishing *Portrait of the Bullfight*. "My friends liked the book, contributed what money they could spare, and we published it ourselves when I couldn't find a publisher."

"I designed it and did the artwork," continued Leibold. "Finding a printer was the biggest problem. They wanted \$5,000 to \$6,000 to print it, and the money didn't stretch that far, so I went to one of those Quik-Copy places you find on street corners. Each copy had to be bound separately." Leibold sounded as if this was all mundane stuff to him. "I had about 500 copies printed," he said. "Most of them were bought by bullfighting societies here and abroad, but I still have a few books left in my basement." Interested aficionados can obtain one of these rare copies by writing Sunrise Press, P.O. Box 742, Chandler, Ariz. 85224.

Leibold's love affair with bulls began years ago when he worked and lived in Madrid. After his return to the U.S., he often went back to Spain to rekindle his old enthusiasms, and in 1974, at the age of 48, he ran with the bulls in Pamplona. A previous book, *This is the Bullfight*, a more technical treatise published by A. S. Barnes, appeared that same year. Leibold now works in management analysis at Williams Air Force Base just outside Phoenix.

I asked him to explain, if he could, why bullfighting has never caught the American fancy.

"It has to do with the Anglo-Saxon concept of fair play," he said. "For example, Spanish dictionaries define 'cruelty' as 'enjoyment of pain and suffering of others,' while American dictionaries define it as 'observing or permitting pain and suffering to others.'"

Did he think he would ever write another book on the subject? Probably not, he said. "Spain is changing rapidly, and economics will destroy what's left of the sport. Besides, today, with their new liberal government, the people are more into pornography than bull-fights."

END

Sports Illustrated

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Footloose

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

LEARN TO PERFORM OPEN-HUB SURGERY
AT THIS VERMONT BIKE-REPAIR CLINIC

There were five of us, on a sunny morning, waiting to discover what a five-day course in a bicycle-repair clinic would teach us. The clinic, for which the fee is \$190, is a unique feature of Vermont Bicycle Touring, an organization devoted to cycling, which makes its headquarters in tiny Bristol, Vt. (R.D. #3, Bristol, Vt. 05443) VBT is the most successful operation of its kind in the U.S. Last year 2,600 cyclists from 31 states and three foreign countries pedaled more than 270,000 miles on VBT's scheduled tours.

It all started seven years ago when VBT's John Frodin, an assistant professor at nearby Middlebury College with a "subliminal desire to get out of academics," organized his first tour with three borrowed bicycles. Frodin now owns 95 10-speeds (all Motobecanes) and three vans for carting them around. He employs 21 tour leaders, a small office staff and a 28-year-old master mechanic named Lynn (Bruz) Brown, whose idea of bliss is a repair barn full of bicycles in need of open-hub surgery.

"By the time you leave my repair clinic," Bruz told his five students, "you will all be D.D.S.—Doctors of Derailleur Science."

Chuck Krueger, a 31-year-old microbiologist from New Jersey, had brought two bicycles with him, one to tinker with and the other to ride—a 15-speed Schwinn Paramount with fancy Shimano and Campagnolo derailleurs. Other machines suited to Vermont included an English Dewes, owned by Mike Rzezzman, 37, a technical editor with McGraw-Hill in New York, a French Peugeot, the property of 50-year-old Harold Walter, an elementary school teacher from Delcoveville, N.Y., and an English Raleigh, owned by Valerie Whitney, 18, of Cohasset, Mass. I had rented one of the Motobecanes.

The repair barn in Bristol was seven miles by bicycle from the hotel in East Middlebury, where we were staying. By the time we arrived to start our first class, Bruz had punctured some inner tubes because, as he explained, the morning was to be devoted to repairing rear-wheel flats. Our first task was to remove the rear wheels from our bikes.

"Cyclists often think they are going to change the adjustment on their shifting when they take off the rear wheel," Bruz said, "but there is no reason to even fiddle with the rear derailleur. Give yourselves slack in the chain by putting it on the small sprocket in the rear. By doing this there will be as much play in the derailleur as you can get."

After putting our chains on the proper sprockets, we were instructed to get behind our wheels, push the quick-release lever, grasp the derailleur in our right hands, lift the bikes and—presto!—the wheels fell out. "When the wheel comes out, the derailleur simply hangs on the frame, totally intact." We examined the wheel rims, located the sites of our punctures and repaired the damage, using sandpaper (to rough up the area), glue (the sealer) and the patch, then sprinkled the area with talcum powder to prevent the tube from sticking to the casing. Finally, with wheels back in place, the tubes were reinflated to proper pressure.

"At the risk of sounding antifeminist," said Rzezzman, "I've found that women have a tendency to ride around on underinflated tires and, consequently, in the wrong gear. They don't seem to understand the relationship between tire pressure and the gears." Whitney looked daggers. "The 10-speed has a high pressure, low-volume tire," said Bruz hoarsely. "If a little air seeps out, you've lost 15 pounds of pressure, so check your pressure once a week." That afternoon Whitney beat Rzezzman back to the hotel, though Rzezzman explained that he had stopped somewhere to enjoy the scenery.

Each morning we took up a different problem—brake tightening with tools called the "third and fourth hand," removal of the bottom bracket, the inadvisability of too much cable housing. "Cheap bikes always have too much," said Bruz.

We took hexkeys off and cleaned ports, examined the ball bearings and replaced those that were pitted or worn. One morning Walter made Bruz's day; he broke a spoke on the way to class. The wheel was bent, and Bruz straightened it in his truing stand. "Always take the free wheel off when putting in spokes on the right side of the rear wheel," he said, whisking off the free wheel. Some of the tools Bruz used were fairly expensive, and Whitney questioned the wisdom of buying a \$50 tool to do a repair that might cost only \$5 in a bike shop.

"Tools are for those of us who just like to tinker," said Walter, and that seemed reasonable enough. Bruz hoped by the end of the course that we had all learned how to "eyeball" measurements (one of his favorite expressions) and that we had all developed "educated thumbs." We were to go forth and help not only ourselves but others who might be crippled by the roadside. "Women, too," Bruz said, smiling at his female students.

I regret to say that on the way home I did see a cyclist stranded by the side of the road. He was trying to get his rear wheel off. As I slowed down he looked at me with frustration and a certain hostility. Not enough slack in the chain, I diagnosed, but drove on without stopping. I don't think, in the world of 10-speeds, that most men are ready for us female Doctors of Derailleur Science. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KUSHENBAUM

ALARMS IN THE GYM

A new rule governing the issuance of press credentials is in effect at the NCAA basketball tournament. As approved at the NCAA convention last January in San Francisco, no credentials for any national championship will be issued to tout sheets or to organizations that "regularly" promote or advertise such sheets. (Newspapers that publish point spreads or occasional ads for tout sheets aren't affected.) Several people have already been barred from tournament press boxes, including representatives of *Basketball Weekly* and *The Gold Sheet*.

The NCAA's action reflects growing concern over the volume of betting on college basketball. Alarms have previously been sounded by a number of college sports information directors who have refused to accredit representatives of tip sheets at regular-season games. And Indiana Coach Bobby Knight recently warned, "There's too much easy money. There are unsavory characters around. I don't think coaches are concerned enough."

Nobody is so naive as to think that the denial of press credentials will curb gambling. The fact is that the new NCAA policy is mainly a symbolic gesture. Still, the problem that inspired it is real. A few years ago several college sports information directors formed a Gambling Awareness Committee to call attention to such practices as bookies posing as sportswriters to get inside information. The family of one of the S.I.D.s, St. John's Bill Esposito, received threatening phone calls. Esposito and others fear that heavy betting could result in point-shaving scandals like those that rocked college basketball in the early '50s and again in the '60s.

"At practices, all sorts of characters hang around the gym," Esposito says. "Someone hurts an ankle and it's out in five minutes. We get phone calls from Idaho asking our game times here in New York. Why? Because there's a time limit on when they can take bets. I was a stu-

dent at St. John's right before the '51 scandal and I had just started as S.I.D. when the second one hit in 1960, and I see all the same signs today."

BE BOOM BLAH

The scent of money—not always gambling money, but money just the same—was in the air at the three-day Atlantic Coast Conference tournament two weeks ago in Greensboro, N.C. The winner was North Carolina. The loser was the notion that college athletics should be a diversion for college students.

Each of the ACC's seven schools was allotted 2,191 tickets, but no school made more than 269 of its tickets available to students. Most chose instead to reward their fattest fat cats. North Carolina earmarked a grand total of 100 tickets for students and the rest for boosters who had donated at least \$8,100 to the school's deftly named Education Foundation, which solicits contributions for athletic scholarships. A book of tickets for the four sessions cost \$40, so those Tar Heel boosters, in effect, were paying more than 200 times face value to attend the tournament.

Not that the few students who came up with tickets always used them. Many sold them at a profit to scalpers, who in turn commanded \$150 or more for a four-ticket book. There probably were no more than 1,000 students in the 15,753-seat Greensboro Coliseum at any session, and pep bands weren't allowed in until the final night, which could account for the strangely subdued crowds during most of the tournament.

A GLASSY TEAM

Few athletes have comported themselves more honorably than the members of the Saginaw (Mich.) High School ice hockey team. The Trojans lost to Traverse City 48-0 last week in the opening round of the state tournament, yet when Traverse City Coach Denny Meyers mercifully offered to cut the massacre short, Saginaw declined. Its players struggled

to the finish, congratulated the winners and skated off the ice.

The loss left Saginaw with a season-ending 0-20 record, but Claude Marsh, the athletic director, says, "We're an inner-city school and only seven boys came out for the team. This means all our kids have played nearly a complete game every time. They may have had limited skills but they never quit once."

Meyers said that Saginaw "lost with class." Saginaw goalie Tom Szczyplka, who survived a bombardment of 129 shots, had particular reason to be proud. The final score reflects only the 48 shots that Szczyplka let in. Somehow, the 81 he stopped seem just as noteworthy.

A-COURTING THEY WILL GO

Tennis has its own versions of the blind date and most players have suffered



through at least a few of them. In like need of a suitable opponent or doubles partner, two strangers venture onto the court and quickly discover they aren't going to live happily for an hour, much less ever after. What is needed, obviously, is a reliable handicapping system by which players can gracefully and accurately let each other know in advance how good, middling or bad they are. Over the years a number of schemes have been suggested but all of these have proved unworkable.

Now the National Tennis Association, an organization representing 500 clubs, has come up with one that sounds good. Next month the NTA will distribute brochures to clubs, resorts and municipal parks; the brochures will outline what the NTA calls the National Tennis Rating Program. The handicapping system is self-administering and, unlike those pro-

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shorten your lines.**



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posed in the past, has been endorsed by both the USTA and the teaching pros' group, the USPTA. Each player simply assigns himself to one of 13 levels of competence ranging from 1.0 (for somebody "just starting to play") on up to 7.0 ("a polished tournament player... who has been nationally ranked"). In between are 1.5, 2.0 and so on. A 3.5, to take another example, "still lacks stroke dependability, depth and variety" but volleys "with consistency if the ball is within reach."

The NTA says that a player might find it a good idea to verify his rating with a pro, but that this would be entirely optional. The sole object is to help players avoid unfortunate blind dates. A 4.5 would figure to do so if he scrupulously steered clear of, say, a 2.0—or a 6.5. He would likely find a 5.0 far more compatible.

BUT IT HAPPENED LONG AGO

There have been few, if any, pro football quarterbacks as minuscule as the short shortstop on this week's cover, but 5' 7" Eddie LeBaron came close. LeBaron, who is now general manager of the Atlanta Falcons, played 11 NFL seasons and still holds one passing record. On Oct. 9, 1960, playing for Dallas in a 26-14 loss to Washington, he completed a two-inch scoring pass to Dick Bierski. Of all the touchdown passes in NFL history, that's the shortest.

OVERSIGHT AND OVERLAP

In the interest of wrapping up competition before the school year ends, the NCAA has rescheduled its golf championships, traditionally held in June, for May 23-26. As a result, three top college golfers—John Cook of Ohio State, Bob Clampett of Brigham Young and Gary Hallberg of Wake Forest—won't be competing for the U.S. in the Walker Cup Match against Great Britain. The Match will be held at Muirfield in Scotland on May 30-31, but the U.S. Golf Association's itinerary calls for the American team to leave New York on May 23 and brooks no exceptions. Players either depart on that day or don't go.

The overlapping dates forced Cook, Clampett and Hallberg to choose between the two events, and all elected to compete in the NCAA tournament. The USGA says that the early departure date provides for a week of practice, acclimation and camaraderie in Scotland. "There are no players on this team more

equal than others," USGA President Sandy Tatum says. "Each of them is entitled to the full experience of being a member of this team."

The USGA is being attacked for its unyielding stance by golf coaches, golf writers and golf scholarship holders. Yet this criticism overlooks the fact that dates for the Walker Cup were set two years ago, while the NCAA rescheduled its meet later on. Denine Poppe, the NCAA golf administrator, says he simply assumed there was no conflict. He admits that it was "an act of omission" not to have checked with the USGA.

TELEVISION TUNNEL VISION

The National Hockey League has 17 teams and the World Hockey Association has six, and that's simply more hockey than the market will bear. If this were the best of all possible worlds, the NHL would probably get out of Colorado, Pittsburgh, Washington, Chicago and St. Louis, where the game hasn't been going over, and move into Edmonton and New England, two WHA locales where it has. The WHA would vanish, and a streamlined 14-team NHL could finally do something about the dilution of talent that a decade of expansion and seven years of interleague warfare have visited on the game.

But this isn't the best of all possible worlds, and when the NHL owners met in Key Largo, Fla. last week, Colorado, Pittsburgh, et al. were present and accounted for. What's more, no fewer than four WHA teams—Winnipeg and Quebec, as well as Edmonton and New England—were applying for NHL membership. The choice thus was between a continued alignment of two leagues with 23 teams and a projected alignment of one league with 21 teams. Although the NHL bosses voted 12-5 in favor of absorbing the four WHA teams, that fell one vote shy of the three-fourths majority required for approval.

Given the less than ideal options before them, the five teams that killed the deal—Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Boston and Los Angeles—may very well have made the right decision. But don't go expecting any of them to offer wise and exalted explanations for their action. Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, for instance, have a lucrative contract with Canadian television, and they were not about to divvy up the money with three more Canadian clubs.

MONSTER OF THE DEEP

This has been a winter that Virginia Annable, a schoolteacher in Brookhaven, N.Y., on Long Island's south shore, won't soon forget. During a recent cold snap, thieves took Annable's 1966 Volkswagen for a joyride on frozen Great South Bay, which separates Long Island from its barrier beaches. They then set the car afire and left it on the ice a mile offshore. The next morning the Suffolk County Marine Police asked Annable to remove the charred vehicle.

Annable mustered some friends to do so, but because by this time rain had weakened the ice and made visibility poor, she elected to wait. The rain continued and the ice began to break up. The car drifted away on a large floe and finally sank in a recreational boating channel.

The Army Corps of Engineers now calls the submerged car a navigational hazard and wants Annable to remove it at her own expense. The Corps says that if any boat is damaged by the car, which lurks in five feet of water like some monster of the deep, she would be responsible. Whether this is true is for a court to determine, but Annable, meanwhile, is living with the uncertainty. The thieves haven't been caught, and she points out that the car, which wasn't insured for theft, was worth barely \$200 even before it was burned and sunk. "I'm the innocent victim of a crime," she says forlornly. "I didn't put the car in the bay, so why should I have to take it out?"

The cost of hiring a barge, crane and diver is at least \$1,000. Alternatively, the Coast Guard says it will mark the spot with a lighted buoy if Annable is willing to pay for it. The charge would be \$203, plus \$34 a month maintenance—presumably forever.

THEY SAID IT

- Cesar Cedeno, the Houston Astros' Dominican-born centerfielder: "I never get any endorsements or commercials. I've never understood why. I have an accent, but so does Ricardo Montalban."
- Lou Holtz, Arkansas football coach: "I don't mind starting the season with unknowns. I just don't like finishing the season with them."
- Vincent Tralka, the girls' basketball coach at St. Rose High School in Belmar, N.J.: "We play a man-to-man defense. Person-to-person sounds like a phone call."

END



HOW DOES THE MAN WHO DRIVES THE SNOWPLOW DRIVE TO THE SNOWPLOW?

This one drives a Volkswagen Rabbit.

Now, we would love to tell you what a brilliant choice he made. How many different cars he checked out. How smart he was to choose a Rabbit.

But the fact is, he didn't have much of a choice at all.

A snowplow driver has two crucial needs:

- 1) Easy starts in the middle of winter.
- 2) Very good maneuverability in very bad weather.

Which means he needs both fuel injection for those starts and front-wheel drive for that maneuverability. Guess what?

With the exception of our own cars, there is only one car in the Rabbit's class that can give you both fuel injection and front-wheel drive: the Rabbit itself. And with these features it's safe to say

that only one car combines the starting ease and maneuverability in snow like the Rabbit itself: the Rabbit itself.

Snowplow driver or not, we think you'll be impressed with the way the Rabbit is put together. With its performance. Its handling. Its carrying capacity.

Car and Driver was very impressed. "The Rabbit does more useful and rewarding things than any other small car in the world." Now the question is:

Does the man who drives the snowplow own a Rabbit to help him do his job?

Or does he do his job to help him own a Rabbit?

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



TWO HITTERS WHO CAN'T MISS

Gomez had a tougher time making the weight than he did in battering Babe Jimenez into submission in the fifth round



Super-bantamweight champ Wilfredo Gomez continued to devastate his division, and featherweight champ Little Red Lopez dropped still another challenger as their careers continued on a course that could end in a big bang

For some strange reason, Wilfredo Gomez felt the need to apologize for his performance at Madison Square Garden last Friday night. Except for a tiny red welt under each eye, there was no evidence that he had been in a fight. Indeed the super-bantamweight champion confessed that it had not been one of his better outings. He was sorry that he had not been able to do more for the folks and for the \$150,000 he was paid to make his U.S. debut. *continued*

Slowing slowly in the west, Roberto Castellan looks at the oncoming right of Lopez, which is about the last thing he saw.



He hoped everyone would understand that it was a matter of weight, too much to take off in too little time. This had involved two days of fasting and several hours of steam baths—all of which had left him weakened and exhausted.

A visitor in Gomez's dressing room reflected sardonically on this. "True," he said. "You didn't do as well as I expected. The last I saw of Jimenez, he was still breathing. Irregularly, but breathing."

Nestor (Baba) Jimenez is an aging but valorous warrior of 31 years and 80 fights, 66 of them victories. He had been imported from Cartagena, Colombia and paid \$15,000 to test his head against the cannon shots that Gomez launches from both sides of his slender 5' 5½" body. The promoters could have imported a heavy bag from Hoboken for a lot less money and gotten the same result.

At the merciful closing of this title fight—with but nine seconds remaining in the fifth round—Jimenez had been badly mauled and knocked down. His nose was bleeding and his eyes were blank. The fight had become a race between the challenger's corner and Referee Tony Perez to stop the slaughter. The corner threw in a towel to win. Jimenez could not have taken one more punch.

The occasion marked the 23rd straight knockout for the undefeated 22-year-old Gomez, and his seventh since leaving Yum Dong-Kyun of South Korea senseless after 12 rounds in San Juan to win the title on May 21, 1977.

The fight may also have been the Puerto Rican's last defense in the little-known division that he has turned into his own private demolition derby. A super-bantamweight is actually a junior featherweight—the WBC thus disguises its junior divisions in an attempt to enhance gate appeal—but by any designation it still means 122 pounds. And while Gomez has a tentative commitment for one more defense, it is a weight he no longer cares to struggle to make.

After profusely apologizing for permitting Jimenez to live, Gomez turned the conversation to the featherweight division, the new launching pad for his bazooka shots. And the air of weariness left his soft voice when he spoke of arranging a hoped-for battle with Danny (Little Red) Lopez, the WBC's hard-hitting 126-pound champion.

A free agent since cutting ties with Manager Carlos Eleta, Gomez handles

his own negotiations and he knows his own worth. The latest bid for a Lopez fight, he said, had come from Don King. The figure the promoter mentioned was \$300,000, but Lopez has not yet agreed to meet Gomez.

"It would be a hard fight, Lopez and me," said the young tycoon, who is incorporated as Bazooka Enterprises. "I have grown to be a natural 126-pounder, and I have been dreaming of a Lopez fight ever since I knocked out Carlos Zarate last October. Lopez is very tall for his weight and he hits hard, but his chin is weak. When other people knock him



The count went on, but not old Baba Jimenez

down, he gets up. When I knock him down, if he gets up I will attack him like a tiger."

An intelligent and good-looking man with a narrow ribbon of black mustache and the cool air of a banker about to reject a loan, Gomez has been fighting since childhood on the streets of Santurce. He was born to fight, he says. "In the streets, at school, anywhere. Then in the amateurs. I loved the amateurs best. If I had been born rich instead of poor, I would still be fighting as an amateur."

In 64 amateur fights, Gomez lost but three, one of them in the 1972 Olympics at Munich. He says he was only 15 at the time, although 17 was then the minimum for making the team. He was as much a loser to awe as he was to one Mohamed Selim of Egypt. But two years

later in Havana, he was in awe of no one, and he became the World Cup champion at 118 pounds.

Having graduated from high school, he came home from Cuba with plans to attend college. "Only I was offered \$15,000 to box six rounds with a guy named Jacinto Fuentes," he said. "I was stunned. Fifteen thousand dollars to fight? I said goodbye to education, took the money and bought my father a cab." But when that first fight ended in a draw, Gomez felt humiliated. "I fought Fuentes like an amateur. I was too polite. Besides, I was robbed."

No one has accused Gomez of being polite in the ring since. In fact, most of his knockout victims claim that the Gomez style now includes a varied assortment of low blows and illegal punches.

Gomez brushes aside such slanders. "Since I am a boxer, my blood is hot and I can't always be on guard to everything in the ring," he says. "That is why there is a referee: to notice and correct any errors. It is his responsibility. I am busy fighting, not reading the rule book."

Against Jimenez, there were a few such misplaced punches, mostly low blows. But they were as critical to the outcome of the fight as a few more drops of water are to a flood. Gomez hit Jimenez so murderously and so often about the head that perhaps he threw in a low blow from time to time just to see if Jimenez was still alive.

From the second round on, after Gomez got rolling, it was difficult to determine what was keeping the Colombian erect. "I just keep hitting them until they can't stand it anymore," Gomez says. "Then they fall down."

Even when his man is badly hurt, Gomez remains calm, picking his spots, every punch controlled. He is like a demolition expert precisely placing each stick of dynamite. And every so often he likes to step back and survey the wreckage before laying in new charges.

For Jimenez, the final barrage came late in the fifth round: a savage hook to the head, a tap from the right hand as he started to fall, and then another thunderous hook to the head that caught him on the way down. Rolling over, the Colombian forced himself to his knees at six, and somehow was erect as the count reached nine.

As the towel of surrender came flying in from Jimenez's corner, Perez decided

to end it. "I looked into his eyes and he wasn't looking back," the referee said.

Later, his speech sluggish and his face swollen and raw, Jimenez complained that because of low blows he was never able to get anything going from the start. It sounded like the ghost of a man executed by a firing squad complaining because someone had shot him in his pinkie.

—PAT PUTNAM

If Crazy Horse had mounted half the firepower of that red-haired, freckle-faced Ute, Danny (Little Red) Lopez, there might be an Indian rather than a peanut farmer in the White House today. In two short slam-bang rounds in Salt Lake City last Saturday, Lopez stood off a valiant cavalry charge by the European featherweight champion, Roberto Castañon of Spain, then tomahawked him into unconsciousness as the second round ended.

The victory not only was Lopez' sixth successful defense of his WBC featherweight title, but it also cemented his reputation as one of boxing's sharpest hitters. The 7,500 war-whooping fans in the Salt Palace, many of them Utes from Danny's birthplace on the reservation near Fort Duchesne, Utah, wearing long braids and ecstatic grins, certainly would agree.

Right up to fight time, though, everything in Salt Lake City was as ho-hum as usual. About the most exciting development was a fire in the downtown Hilton that destroyed Howard Cosell's wardrobe and sent a squad of ABC lackeys scurrying to fetch the emperor's new clothes. The lack of pre-fight electricity was odd on two counts. This match would be only the second world title fight in Salt Lake City history (the first was in 1960 when Gene Fullmer successfully defended his middleweight crown against Carmen Basilio). More important, the main event promised to produce as many ups and downs as the world trampoline championship.

Lopez is almost as famous for his tendency to hit the canvas as he is for the whiplash, ambidextrous punches that have contributed 37 knockouts to his 39-3-0 record. His opponent, Castañon—"El Conquistador"—was also renowned as a power hitter, with 20 knockouts in his 29-0 pro record. But Lopez' 3½-inch edge in height and an amazing 8½-inch reach advantage, coupled with his devastating punch, made him a heavy

favorite. Still, he is so frail-looking that even his staunchest fans always have their last-minute doubts.

At the weigh-in on fight morning, at which both fighters registered 125½ pounds, Little Red looked about as thick, back to belly, as an envelope full of tax returns. "My God," said promoter Bob Arum, "he looks like he just got out of a concentration camp."

Castañon, on the other hand, resembled a high school freshman, but only so long as he remained in his street clothes. When he stripped for the weigh-in, he revealed a heavily muscled neck and the thick, sloping shoulders of a slugger. And, clearly, he loves to fight. "Nobody got me started," he said. "I was walking down the street one day and decided to punch an hombre I flattened him and decided I liked it. So it doesn't bother me to be the villain here. People always side with the weak one," a dig at Lopez.

This air of cool continued throughout the morning of the fight. Castañon spent it in the lobby of the downtown Howard Johnson's Motel playing electronic Ping-Pong with his entourage—and winning. Clearly, he knew not what lay in store for him.

The Salt Palace hoopla was mercifully and tastefully kept to a minimum. Castañon entered the ring with high Hispanic dignity. Little Red is now tied forever to the absurd Technicolor war bonnet that has become his trademark, even though Utes never really wore such a rig. Once he shed the feathers, though, he was all business.

Castañon showed in the first exchanges that he could slip Lopez' left jab, thus negating the reach advantage. He ducked under it and slammed in some heavy left hooks, most of which merely reddened Lopez' shoulder, but a couple of which bounced off his forehead. In turn Lopez landed a few sharp rights, punching downward with the short, reflexive authority that put away those earlier opponents, but Castañon shrugged them off. At the end of Round 1, he even managed to trap Lopez briefly in a neutral corner and buffeted him smartly about the ears. Lopez is known to be a slow starter. The first round was Castañon's.

If looked as if Arum's hope for at least a five-round fight might come to pass. Even the Utes were mute. Then came Round 2.

Working in close after the bell, Little

Red delivered one of his up-from-the-belly-button righthand throat-busters, and Castañon dropped to his knees. As he rose, Lopez swarmed over him looking for the ice-maker. But Castañon kept his arms up and his chin down and weathered the storm. Past the midpoint of the round, he pushed Danny toward the ropes and landed another left hook, but the punch lacked the snap of his earlier ones. Lopez slipped away, taking Castañon with him—and then it came: a short right cross that dropped the Spaniard in his tracks. Such is the speed of Little Red that he landed still another right before Castañon's knees hit the blue canvas. The 10 count ended with the round.

El Conquistador, conquered, returned to his corner on decidedly wobbly legs, looking a bit sheepish at first and then crying bitterly into a towel draped over the ropes. He is a brave man and a reasonably competent fighter, and the crowd gave him a hearty *olé* as he left the ring.

"I could see him going at the end of Round 1," Lopez said in his dressing room. "He used every punch he had in the first round and he was open all the time. He punches to excess, rights and lefts and open in between." In short, it was just another scalp for the old lodge-pole.

—ROBERT F. JONES



Is there a Wildfire in his future? Maybe so



Daryl Strickland drove and hit for 17 first-half points as unranked Rutgers beat No. 11 Georgetown

MANY AN OOPS TWIXT THE BALL AND THE HOOPS

If Oklahoma and Toledo scored upsets in the NCAA tournament, what do you call what Penn and St. John's did to the lordly ACC? **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

That thud-thud you heard late Sunday afternoon was the supposedly almighty Atlantic Coast Conference falling face-first into a ditch, right there alongside Tobacco Road. On a day that the folks in Carolina will long remember as the Raleigh Massacre, North Carolina, the ACC champion and the No. 3-ranked team in the country, and Duke, the ACC runner-up and the nation's No. 6 team, were booted out of the NCAA tournament in the first week. And that's not the half of it. The ACC teams were ousted not by powerhouses on the order of UCLA, Notre Dame, Michigan State

or even Indiana State. No, the Tar Heels and the Blue Devils were rudely eliminated by schools from the geographic region regarded as the laughing stock of college basketball—the East.

North Carolina took it on the chin first, losing to the University of Pennsylvania's Ivy League champions 72-71. That development shook even the Duke fans, many of whom wore a worried look as the Blue Devils warmed up for their game with St. John's, which had been the 40th—and last—team selected for the tournament. “Ah, don't worry,” a Duke follower was advised, “those ragamuffins

from up North can't do it twice.” St. John's then really did it twice, beating Duke for the second time this season, 80-78, on Reggie Carter's short baseline jumper with five seconds to play.

While the East was destroying the reputation of the ACC as the toughest league in the land, the No. 1-ranked Indiana State Sycamores—vastly underrated by just about everyone except their devoted retinue of toilet-paper-picking fans—continued their winning ways. Only three weeks ago, the ISU student body president wrote to Indiana's two U.S. Senators, demanding that they launch a congressional investigation to find out what kind of fatheads were running the college polls, and how come it took almost the entire season for the undefeated Sycamores to be voted No. 1 in both the AP and the UPI rankings.

Last week, as the NCAA tournament roared through the first two rounds, jet-tisoning 24 of the 40 teams, the distinguished Senators from Indiana were advised to stand down. Larry Bird and the Sycamores may not need a congressional investigation to prove they are No. 1. They should get their chance to do that next week in the finals at Salt Lake City.

Indiana State may be the first team ever to come into the tournament top-ranked in both polls, undefeated in 29 games and still sneaking up on people, the way it did in Sunday's 86-69 victory over Virginia Tech. That's the kind of year it's been in college hoops.

In the Midwest, there was Oklahoma, the surprising but convincing winner of the Big Eight Conference title, thumping favored Texas 90-76, after which Sooners Coach Dave Bliss patiently explained to Oklahoma sportswriters some of the more subtle differences between a wish-bone offense and the four corners.

In the Midwest, Big Ten tri-champion Iowa was upset 74-72 on a last-second shot by Stan Joplin of Toledo, a team so mean and tough that its sixth man is named Harvey Knuckles. Also playing in that regional was Louisiana State, winner of the SEC season championship but a semifinal loser in the conference tournament largely because its leading scorer, DeWayne Scales, decided to use the game to show off his dribbling for the assembled pro scouts. Scales, an all-SEC forward, then was suspended by LSU Coach Dale Brown for the remainder of

continued



Dazzling Texas with more moves than Billy Sims showed the Longhorns on the gridiron, Raymond Whitley erupted for 25 points in the Sooners' rout.

the season because of his involvement with an agent.

But the real show last week was provided by the schools from the urban northeast corridor of the U.S. Syracuse and Rutgers earned spots in the East Regional semifinals, which will be held this week in Greensboro, N.C., by eliminating Connecticut and Georgetown, respectively, on Saturday. Then Penn and St. John's became the only at-large teams to win two games.

The St. John's Redmen are coached by Lou Carnesecca, who talks in a strangled whisper out of *The Godfather* and spends a great deal of his courtesie time on his knees. When Louie gets very excited, he walks up and down the sidelines on his knees. This week he will see if he can walk on his knees all the way to Salt Lake City for the finals.

St. John's and Penn were both supposed to take their lumps, get their watches and hold their breakup dinners all on the same day. North Carolina had defeated Duke to win the ACC tournament a week earlier, and was labeled the "hottest" team in the country by those overawed by the ACC's reputation.

Year after year this phenomenon repeats itself—the ACC whips itself into a frenzy deciding its champion, then one ACC team after another gets swallowed up in the real world. Only the 1974 North Carolina State team, featuring David Thompson, has won a national championship for the ACC in the last 22 years. North Carolina Coach Dean Smith, whose feet are seldom seen to touch the ground by his many admirers, has never won an NCAA title. The ACC has always publicized itself well, and not without help from the communications industry. "I thought North Carolina was a TV show," said Penn Forward Tony Price before Sunday's game. "We see so much of them on television in Philly."

Still, no ACC school from North Carolina (there are four) had lost an NCAA tournament game played in the state since 1961, and the Tar Heels were not only the top seed in the region, but Nevada oddsmakers had also installed them as the favorites to win the national title. But Penn had one thing working in its favor. "We were joking around all weekend about having a secret," said Penn Guard James Salters. "The secret was that we knew how good North Carolina was but

they didn't know how good we were."

If the Tar Heels didn't know, they should have had some idea of what they were in for after watching ninth-seeded Penn use its quickness to get past Iowa 73-69 on Friday. Against Carolina, the Quakers neutralized a trapping zone defense by slithering through the slower Tar Heels for layups and short jumpers. North Carolina's Mike O'Koren picked up his third foul with 14 minutes to play while trying to catch up with the mercurial Price, and when Dean Smith tried to protect O'Koren by taking him off the Penn forward, Price went on a tear, scoring 13 of his game-high 25 points in the next eight minutes. Bye-bye, Tar Heels.

Although St. John's had beaten Duke in the consolation game of the Holiday Festival in New York, no one in Carolina appeared to take the Redmen seriously. Carnesecca, though, recognized that Duke was indeed vulnerable, because the Blue Devils were missing two of their five regular starters: Guard Bob Bender was on the bench but unable to play following an appendectomy, and Forward Kenny Dennard was sitting beside him, nursing a sprained ankle.

Still, the Blue Devils came out and hit better than 60% of their field goals in the first half while running up leads as many as 10 points. But the Redmen inched back, and 6:18 into the second half Duke had squandered its advantage. With the score tied 78-78, St. John's patiently worked the ball to Carter, who moments earlier had missed the front end of a one-and-one that could have iced the game for the Redmen. Switch! R.L.P., ACC.

St. John's now faces Rutgers, which has beaten the Redmen twice this season, and Penn meets Syracuse. What the NCAA ought to do is move the games from the land of the losers—Greensboro—and play them in the Northeast. Rutgers and Syracuse both have formidable centers who should create insurmountable problems for the smaller front lines of the Redmen and the Quakers. Rutgers' James Bailey, a four-year starter, may be the most complete big man in college ball. Opponents used to gang-team the 6'9" Bailey inside, but the emergence of Tom Brown at point guard and Doryl Strickland at forward put a stop to such tactics.

Penn has been foul-prone all season,

and Matt White, the Quakers' 6'10" center, has fouled out of 13 games. Quick Syracuse forwards Dale Shackelford and Louis Orr and 6'11" Center Roosevelt Bouie will give the Quakers more than they can handle inside. Syracuse, now the highest scoring team (89.1 points a game) in the tournament, also should be able to neutralize Bailey and beat Rutgers to win the all-Northeastern East Regional.

In the Midwest, Michigan State and Notre Dame, two former No. 1 teams, figure to meet in Sunday's final in Indianapolis, although there is the strange and wonderful possibility that Toledo could be the survivor in this once-imposing field. Toledo's tallest starter is 6'7½", and it must face the Irish of Notre Dame on St. Patrick's Day eve. Still, the Rockets have given up only 61.8 points a game this season, second-best of any team still alive. In the victory over Iowa, Toledo held the Hawkeyes without a field goal for a span of 8:26 in the second half. Toledo puts its head down and plays an aggressive man-to-man defense most of the time, and Coach Bob Nichols believes in a controlled, pattern offense that allows his team to dictate the tempo of the game. Whether this will be enough against Notre Dame, a shaky 73-67 winner over Tennessee last week, depends to a great extent upon the Irish. If they can regain their poise against Toledo's bump-and-stick defense, they'll win. Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps shuttles nine players in and out, whereas Toledo sinks or swims mainly with 6'7½" Jim Swaney and 6'6½" Dick Miller, with the brassy Knuckles providing valuable assistance off the bench.

The Irish are currently 23-5, but apart from an early-season victory at UCLA, they lost most of what could be described as their important games. Sophomore Kelly Tripucka is the leading scorer but averages only 14.2 points, which is an indication of Notre Dame's depth but also points up the fact that the Irish don't have a player they can go to when they need a basket.

Michigan State is playing as well now as it has all season, as the Spartans demonstrated in their 95-64 rout of Lamar on Sunday. Forward Gregory Kelser had 31 points in that game, and 6'8" Earvin (Magic) Johnson did his customary pre-ridgitation thing with 13 points, 10 assists and 17 rebounds. "We got a team

that can kill you from the outside," said Johnson, "and we got a team that can kill you from the inside. If we're on top of our game, ain't nobody in the world can beat Michigan State."

LSU lost Durand Macklin, its best player, at the start of the season with a foot injury and now plays Michigan State without the 6' 9" Scales, too. Coach Duke Brown used reserve Center Rick Mattick, a 250-pound 7-footer, in a second-round 71-57 win over Appalachian State, and Mattick played well. With 6' 9" Greg Cook and 6' 9" Lionel Green, LSU has no trouble controlling the boards against most teams. The fact that the Bayou Bengals no doubt will be outrebounded by the Spartans should set up a Michigan State-Notre Dame confrontation for a

berth in the final four, with the Spartans having the edge.

Of the four teams playing in the West Regional this week in Provo, Utah, only DePaul is playing to the level at which it performed all season. The Blue Demons face Marquette, a team they beat 61-60 in Chicago last month, and the outcome will doubtless be decided by the performances of DePaul's blocky 6' 7", 225-pound Mark Aguirre and Marquette's 6' 9" Bernard Toone.

DePaul stays almost exclusively with its five starters, mainly because Coach Ray Meyer has no bench to speak of. "Substitution changes the tempo of our game," says Meyer, putting the best possible face on a bad situation, "so we don't believe in it." The Blue Demons are weak

at center. If that doesn't hurt them against Marquette's 6' 9" Odell Ball, it virtually eliminates any chance they might have against the winner of the UCLA-San Francisco shootout.

The No. 2-ranked Bruins didn't play particularly well in beating neighboring Pepperdine 76-71 last week, and if they can't work up more enthusiasm for their game against 7' 1" Bill Cartwright and the Dons than they've showed the past two weeks, they might be blown out.

Ah, the Midwest Regional. It will, in fact, be played in Cincinnati. And, yes, you geography buffs, the Midwest will take place in a city 104 miles east of the site of the Midcast Regional.

Oklahoma's Raymond Whitley scored four touchdowns and an extra point for 25 points (10 for 12 from the field and 5 for 5 from the line) in the Sooners' win over Texas to get to Cincy.

Oklahoma missed its first two field-goal attempts, then hit 14 of its next 17 shots over a Texas zone. The Sooners are rich at guard, with Whitley and John McCullough and super-sub Cary Carrabine, and also at center, where 6' 9" Al Beal holds sway. Oklahoma is an excellent outside-shooting team, but all of the Sooners will have to be hitting at once for Oklahoma to beat Indiana State.

The Sycamores have been the most consistent team in the country—with the possible exception of the touring Soviet club. In addition to the wondrous Bird, LSU has a whole nest full of good players. Guard Carl Nicks scores 19.9 points a game and gets three-point plays almost at will; he had four against Virginia Tech. Forward Brad Miley is the designated defender and sets screens for Bird, while 6' 7½" Alex Gilbert crashes the boards and tries to avoid getting fouled (he's a 28% free-throw shooter). The Sycamores aren't deep, but in Bob Heston and Leroy Staley they have two strong backup players.

The Sycamores should face Arkansas in the Midwest finals, after Sidney Moncrief and the Razorbacks dispose of Louisville. Moncrief, the 6' 4" guard whose 21.8 points a game this season led Arkansas to a 24-4 record, is probably the second-best player in the game. If Arkansas and Indiana State get together, look out for a low-flying Bird and a high-flying Moncrief.

In the air, not in a ditch.

END



Stan Joplin scored at the buzzer to rocket tenacious Toledo past Iowa and set up an Irish encounter

Whether rookie Shortstop Harry Chappas is or isn't the smallest big-leaguer is of little concern. The really big question is can he help Chicago pull up its Sox and win
by LARRY KEITH

IT'S NOT ONLY A GAME OF INCHES

In a world where bigger is presumed to be better, shortness has never had much of a following. Shortcomings are failures, short circuits cut off the electricity and short odds do not pay big money. Consider the undesirability of being short-lived, short-tempered, shortsighted and shorthanded. Who wants to be sold short, shortchanged, short of breath or waited on short? Indeed, who among us wants to be short?

Well, Harry Chappas does. He has been short all his life, though *how* short is now under dispute, and as far as Chappas is concerned, it's no big deal. In his 21 years, Chappas has heard all the jokes, endured all the insults and, along the way, converted nearly all the skeptics.

Chappas is a switch-hitting rookie shortstop with the Chicago White Sox. As this year's rookie crop is judged, Chappas is something less than a phenom but something more than a prospect. The White Sox are giving Chappas a long—not short—look because last season he hit .302 and stole 60 bases for their Class A affiliate in Appleton, Wis., and then hit .267 and handled 92 chances without an error in 20 games with Chicago in September.

White Sox President Bill Veeck feels that Chappas has many of the qualities—defense, speed, a high on-base percentage at the top of the batting order and ticket-selling pizzazz—that the team so obviously lacked in 1978. Chappas could be particularly appealing to Chicago's large Greek community; both his mother Vali (five feet) and the parents of his father Perry (5' 7") were born in Sparta. If it all works out, Comiskey Park may become Parthenon West, and scoufaki will be a big seller for the concessionaires.

The promotional value of a very short shortstop has not been lost on Veeck (6' 1/2"), who is to baseball what P. T. Barnum (6' 2") was to the circus. Barnum had Tom Thumb (3' 4"), and Veeck had Eddie Gaedel (3' 7"), the midget who pinch-hit for Veeck's St. Louis Browns 28 years ago. Gaedel's career began and ended with a walk. The wily Veeck imagines a lot of walks for Chappas—and a lot of customers looking on.

"Gaedel was a gag," Veeck said while watching Chappas work out at the White Sox training camp in Sarasota, Fla. "Chappas is a player. Except for winning, there is nothing I would rather have than for Chappas to play shortstop. When he came up last year he immediately caught the fancy of the fans. If he plays, we'll draw, because everybody loves to see a little guy get ahead. If David hadn't beat Goliath, nobody would have heard of either one of them. David would have been just another guy who was scrounged in the ground."

To avoid being scrounged, Chappas must learn to do what Gaedel did. "The key to whether Chappas plays is the discipline he shows at the plate," Veeck says. "He's a tough target, and we want him to learn the strike zone and use his size to advantage. We're emphasizing the base on balls. We DH-ed him in the instructional league this winter just so he could work on it. I would sit up in the stands and yell at him not to swing at balls over his head. He did a good job, too. The only mistake he made was to hit two home runs. That can give him bad ideas."

Veeck says the decision to play Chappas will be made by the Chicago manager. Unfortunately for Chappas, the

manager now happens to be last year's shortstop, Don Kessinger (6' 1"). Even though he will be 37 years old in July, Kessinger hopes to pick up the lineup card without putting down his glove. "I'm in shape and I'm ready to play," he says. "We're going to put the best team on the field we can, and if that means having me at shortstop, then I'll be there. I don't think there is any question that Harry will be a major-leaguer, but I don't know yet if it will be now or next year."

A rookie's life is never easy, but imagine the difficulties facing Chappas. Veeck is telling him how he should play, while Kessinger is telling him if and when. To make the situation worse, poor Harry can't even tell anybody how tall he is.

Last Sept. 1, on Chappas' first day as a major-leaguer, White Sox broadcaster Harry Caray (5' 11") pulled out a tape measure and declared Chappas to be 5' 3" short, or one inch shorter than baseball's reigning "shortest player," Kansas City Shortstop Fred Patek. Caray's measurement became Chicago gospel. "Harry is the smallest player in the major leagues since Eddie Gaedel," Veeck says. "He is 5' 3"."

As a rookie, Chappas is in no position to disagree with Veeck or Caray, but a knowledgeable member of the White Sox organization (9' ?") confides, "Harry is really 5' 5". Veeck wants people to think he's the smallest player in the majors. The publicity would make money for Chappas and for the club. Harry Caray told the kid he should go along with it unless somebody wants to pay him a lot of money for an official measurement. Chappas is uncomfortable with the whole situation, but he is staying quiet because he is afraid to make anybody mad."



Chappas' big competition for the White Sox' starting shortstop job is Manager Don Kessinger (6' 7").

Chappas' acquiescence has already forced him to participate in some demeaning photograph sessions. For one, he posed in the arms of a teammate, and for another he stooped inside a trunk. "I should have said no," Chappas admits, "but I know the club wants the publicity. That's not me, though. I'm not a salesman. It's like putting a dime in a nickel

slot. It fits but it don't work. I want to be known as a quality ballplayer, not as a midget or a punk. I think I can create a lot of excitement on the field by being a complete player. There aren't very many of those around."

The White Sox' desire to top a couple of inches off Chappas is particularly ironic because Chappas' lack of size almost

prevented him from being a professional ballplayer. Baseball people, like most sports experts, invariably look at short people the way Randy Newman (5' 11") did in a popular song of a while ago. "Short people got no reason to live," Newman wrote. "I don't want no short people 'round here." Newman, of course, was being satirical; baseball men really feel that way.

"It takes courage for a scout to recommend a small player," says White Sox Vice-President Roland Hemond (5' 8"). "He's bound to be skeptical of a little man. I know if I can look down on a player, I wonder how good he really is."

A White Sox scout, Walt Widmayer (5' 9½"), was very skeptical the day in 1974 he first saw Chappas work out with his Fort Lauderdale high school team. "He looked like such a little fellow I couldn't get very excited about him," Widmayer recalls. "A player his size is open to a lot of criticism. He has to be real good all the time. A 6' 2" player can have an off day and not hurt himself."

Widmayer wasn't at all impressed with Chappas then, but his second look was a real stunner. "I went to see him play a game in Miami, and he hit the first pitch about 360 feet against the wind for a home run," says Widmayer. "I couldn't believe my eyes." Even with this clear evidence of little man, big stick, Widmayer still had reservations. The White Sox did draft Chappas in June of 1975, but in the 18th round as the 538th player selected. Instead of signing with Chicago, Chappas wisely decided to accept a scholarship to Miami Dade North Community College, which has sent 14 players into the majors, including Ducky Dent (5' 11") and Mickey Rivers (5' 10"). Chappas made such a favorable impression during the school's fall schedule that he was picked sixth by the White Sox in the January 1976 draft. After making All-America for his outstanding play in the spring season, he signed with Chicago for a \$10,000 bonus.

If Chappas had been bigger, his bonus likely would have been bigger, too. His father says he remembers overhear-

continued

ROOKIES WHO HOPE TO...



A college psychology major, Ranger Outfielder Bill Sample (left) seems to have psyched out the pitchers he's faced: in three pro seasons he has not hit less than .348. Nelson Norman, 20, who batted 264 at Tucson, hopes to win the shortstop job from the man whose bubble-gum cards he once collected, Bert Campaneris.

Healthy now following operations on both knees, Pirate Catcher Steve Nicosse (nick: Off-shut) hit .322 and had 74 RBIs last season at Columbus. The only rep against the 23-year-old seems to be that he frequently "needs a look in the rump."



The Blue Jays stole a total of 28 bases all last year, or seven fewer than switch-hitting Shortstop Alfredo Griffin stole all by himself while batting .291 for Portland. Toronto plans to use Griffin in the lead-off position and give him the go sign.

CHAPPAS continued

ing one American League scout say, "If that little shortstop were six feet, he'd be worth \$100,000." Widmayer says one National League scout gave Chappas high marks in every department but refused to recommend him. "Why not?" Widmayer asked. "Ah, he won't catch the high line drive," the scout replied.

Such logic has kept a lot of little men out of baseball. The exceptions are few—oldtimers such as Wee Willie Keeler (5' 4½") and modern players such as Albie Pearson (5' 5"), who retired in 1966 after nine seasons, and Patek (5' 4"). (Pee Wee Reese, incidentally, was not a pee-wee at all—he stood all of 5' 10".)

Lack of height never seemed to handicap those players, and Chappas doesn't consider it a problem for him, either. He knows he has a strong arm, fast feet and a durable, 150-pound body. "Once I take the field, my size doesn't matter," he says. "The only time I'd even think about it is if a brawl got started."

Chappas' father has the most logical view of the whole matter. "What difference does it make?" he says. "Harry is a hell of a lot bigger than the baseball."

As a matter of fact, Chappas is bigger than a lot of God's creatures, including the average gnome (15 centimeters), the world's smallest man (28") and past and present notables such as James Madison (5' 4"), Toulouse-Lautrec (4' 6") and Truman Capote (5' 3"). More important, he also is big enough to overlook the slighting remarks of others. Here is a recent sampling:

- Veeck, while watching Kessinger and Chappas work out: "There's the long and the short of it."
- Hemond, describing Chappas' minor league background: "After we sent him from Double A back to A, he grew up a little. Well, you know, not physically."
- Teammate Ron Blomberg (6' 1"): "The first time I saw him I thought he was the bat boy. He's a nice little boy."

Chappas has put up with such condescension for a long time. "Smaller guys are put down sometimes, but I guess that sounds like I'm pulling for equal rights," he says. "It doesn't really bother me anymore. I've learned to ignore it. I might laugh just to go along, but it doesn't absorb. I've never felt I was unusual so I don't know why other people do. As long as I'm wearing a major league uniform, I don't care what anybody says."

Sports has always been Chappas' equalizer. (He was a wide receiver on

continued

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his high school football team.) His father started him off early in baseball, tossing him a plastic ball to hit when he was three. By the time he was eight, he was the youngest player on his Little League team. In fact, Chappas has been just about the youngest and smallest member of every team he has ever played on. He started for his high school club as a ninth-grader and played semipro ball with men in their 20s and 30s when he was 17. "Being small makes you more aggressive and more ambitious," he says. "My friends called me 'the little giant.'"

In 1976, his first pro season, the little giant did respectably enough, hitting .262 and stealing 40 bases with Appleton. But the next year, at Knoxville in Double A, he slumped to .231 and 20 steals. That sent him back to Appleton for the 1978 season. At first, Chappas says, he was so depressed he felt like quitting. But after accepting the change he helped Appleton to 101 victories and won the Blue Jays' most-popular-player award. Then he was called up to Chicago.

Caray led the campaign to promote Chappas. The White Sox were struggling along in sixth place at the time, and the broadcaster felt Chappas might relieve the boredom. "If he had flopped he wouldn't have been doing any worse than anybody else," Caray says. "As it turned out, for the last month of the season he was the star of the team."

However, 20 games in September are just that: 20 games in September. The jump from Class A to the major leagues is about the longest a player can make, and if Chappas isn't capable of starting, the White Sox no doubt will send him back to the minors for more seasoning. "I hate to see a young player like him sit on the bench," says Kessinger.

Chappas believes he's ready to start, but would gladly accept a utility role to stay in Chicago. "I'm very confident in myself," he says. "If the club doesn't think I'm ready to play every day, I think I'd be ideal for pinch-hitting, pinch-running or late-inning defense. I want to prove to the skeptics that there is room for the little guy. I could give others some hope. I'd be somebody they could look up to."

Chappas will get his chance because White Sox economics almost seem to demand it. And if we are to believe Randy Newman, Chappas should do just fine. Short people, Newman warned, are "gonna get you every time." **ENR**

...MAKE IT REALLY BIG

A 6' 3 1/2", 200-pound, right-hand-bitting outfielder, the Astros' Jeff (Cotton) Leonard, 23, led the Pacific Coast League with a .365 batting average and had 93 RBIs and 36 stolen bases. A line-drive hitter, Leonard batted .385 for Houston in September.



First baseman-outfielder Scott Thompson, 23, has had successive .300-plus seasons for the Cubs' top farm team at Wichita and won the 1978 American Association batting title with a .326 average. Not a power hitter, he batted .417 in 19 games for Chicago.



With the departure of Luis Tiant and Bill Lee, the Red Sox have a huge gap in their starting rotation, one they hope will be narrowed by Bobby Sprowl, 22, who had a composite 18-7 record and averaged almost a strike-out an inning in the minors last summer.





HEY, LOOK AT OL' ANDY BEAN RIGHT UP THERE IN THE BIG TIME

The PGA's No. 3 money-winner likes to jackrabbit around the orange groves, wrestle alligators and go fishing with his daddy, who counseled him to hit the ball a mile high

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

Andy Bean likes to fish. He also likes to hunt, wrestle alligators, bite covers off golf balls, drive cars like Burt Reynolds, have a good laugh, collect guns, argue with fools and "wimmen" and play golf like a son of a gun. He's good ol' Andy. His father told him never to hit a hook or trust a Yankee, and his dream is to win the U.S. Open and to outrun the local fuzz in the soft sand of the Florida orange groves. Every so often there is another entry in "The Next Jack Nicklaus Sweepstakes." Well, shocks, Andy Bean is the next Andy Bean. Last year he won \$267,000 on the U.S. tour, another \$52,000 in a Japanese tournament, and earned enough additional money to have an income of \$400,000.

For an outstanding golfer, Bean is uncharacteristically impetuous. When exasperation threatens to break through his surface calm, his lips tighten and his fingers start drumming. He says he would only live in New York City if he had a helicopter to shut him from rooftop to rooftop. When he stops for gas, he jumps out and fills the tank himself; attendants are too slow and don't fill it to the top. The dashboard clock in his Jeep wagon is set ahead 15 minutes so he can be on time for appointments and so that if he lends it out, the Jeep will come back early. In the 4WD vehicle are fishing rods and reels, an assortment of shotguns and rifles, plus enough ammo so that "If we get a war, I'm ready."

The Jeep also has a CB radio and a Fuzzbuster, a radar detection device that puts Andy and the police on relatively even terms. He lives outside Haines City, in central Florida, in an area so quiet that at night you can hear the truck traffic gurgling on the four-lane highway five miles away. It is here that he plays his games in the Jeep, jackrabbiting around the county, Fuzzbuster finely tuned, eyes on the rearview mirror, at his side an absolutely terrified passenger, often his wife Debbie. Bean not only knows the local speed traps, but also the cops' home addresses.

Andy Bean might just destroy the pro golf tour someday, flip it over like a big gator, skin it, and take it home and mount it on the wall right next to the two large-mouth bass. He's out there now, stomping around some golf course, fearless,

reckless, and nowhere near as good as he's going to be.

"He's awesome long, he's straight, and he can putt," says former Masters and PGA champion Raymond Floyd. And he just keeps getting better. Three years ago, as a rookie, Bean won \$10,761 and was 139th on the money list. His friend Steve Maddox calls it "the Year of the Depression." In 1977 Bean won \$127,312; last season he finished third on the money

list. He doesn't want an agent because he plans on improving his game, then negotiating contracts for really big dollars. He's only 26 years old. It took Tom Watson two years before he won a tour event and another season before he won his first major. "I never hit a bad-looking shot," says Bean, evaluating, not bragging. "I just don't think too good sometimes. If you ask me can I beat Watson, I'm going to say yes. I always think I can

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beat anybody. That includes Watson, Jack Nicklaus—anybody."

Bean hits the ball a long way. Because he also hits it so straight, his caddie, Ray Medlin, often doesn't bother watching his tee shots. "Why?" shrugs Medlin. "I know he's going to be in the fairway." Bean stands 6' 4" and weighs about 215. His hands are huge, rough and reddened. "Gator hands," his wife calls them. Despite his size, and the fact that he grew up on a golf course without sand traps, he has a delicate short game from the time when he used to wear out clubs at a neighborhood par-3 course. Each day he had a chipping contest for lunch with a friend, and he usually ate free. "The way he puts, he'll consistently be in the top five every year," predicts Jerry Pate.

Bean loves the outdoors as much as golf. Last year he flew home on the Mondays after tournaments just so he could fish his secret list of streams and lakes and the phosphate pits that pock the land below Holmes City. In the process he tore up his Continental Mark V by using it as an off-road vehicle. When he and his father Tommy went duck hunting shortly before Christmas, he kept on shooting long after he rubbed his middle finger raw. A fishing lure hangs from his key ring, and he cannot pass up a sporting-goods store or a gun shop; it's rare that he gets out of either without spending \$100 or so. Bean's collection of rifles and shotguns includes one worth \$15,000 that he keeps in a bank vault, and an elephant gun.

"What's it for?" he was asked.

"Shooting elephants," Bean said.

In the first tournament of 1979, the Bob Hope Desert Classic, he demonstrated both his impulsiveness and industriousness. His putting stroke had been impaired by weeks of inactivity, and in the second round Bean four-putted one hole, exasperatedly hitting the final putt left-handed. "I wasn't going to five-putt right-handed," he explained. The next week he putted two hours daily, and in his following two rounds he shot 66s in the Phoenix Open.

Bean is learning from his mistakes. At last year's Houston Open he had a comfortable lead in the final round, then chose the wrong club on the 9th hole, made a double bogey and lost the tournament by one stroke. "That'll never hap-



Bean's proposal to Debbie, on last April Fools' Day, was more like a command: "I'm lucky," she says.

pen again," he told his caddie. And so far it hasn't. Bean won the Kemper, Memphis and Western Opens, then took the Dunlop Masters in Japan. No one ever made the jump in money earnings that he did between his first and second years, and no third-year pro ever won as much. So far in 1979 he has \$71,220 and is third on the list. Andy Bean might be getting ready to skin the tour. "I don't know if I'll win eight tournaments," he says. "But I could."

He says this in a forthright manner, looking at you with clear, wide-open eyes. He may be big, but he's not a loud-

mouth. In fact, he's sometimes a bit shy, hunching in the almost humble manner of huge people, his head lowered kind of deferentially. He doesn't try to say the right thing but, instead, speaks his mind. Where he is from, ambiguity is despised. After telling a story, Bean will let the facts settle a moment or two, then add, "That's the way that goes."

Despite his relatively short fuse, he is a gentle person, patient with autograph seekers and fond of small children and animals. He estimates he has had 100 deer in his gunshots but has yet to shoot one because he's waiting for a trophy of

the proper dimensions. At the British Open he kissed old women on the cheek and gave golf balls to the galleries, and during practice rounds at the Masters he races groups of kids to his ball. One pro-am partner was so taken with his engaging manner that he offered to donate a golf scholarship in Bean's name to Bean's alma mater, the University of Florida, where Buster Bishop, his college coach, often calls upon him to help with fund raising or recruiting. Nelson Cullenward, the golf writer for the *San Francisco Examiner*, says that when Bean heard he wanted to interview him at the 1977 Tournament of Champions, but was sick in his room, Bean went there to talk to him. "In 43 years of covering golf, he's the first guy ever to do something like that," Cullenward says.

Pate recalls Bean talking him into entering the 1976 Florida Amateur. At the time, Pate lived in Pensacola, a 20-year-old with a lackluster record who never had played in anything as big. Bean not only persuaded him to compete, but he also induced the officials to accept Pate's entry after the deadline and put him up in his parents' home. Pate went on to win the tournament—by one stroke over Bean. "It probably was one of the 10 dumbest things Andy ever did," says Pate. A few months later Pate won the U.S. Amateur. The following year he was low amateur in the U.S. Open and the year after that he won the 1976 Open. Pate will tell you that if he hadn't played in the Florida Amateur, he still might be in Pensacola.

Bean grew up in two different worlds. The first was Jekyll Island, Ga., where at one time the people who controlled one-seventh of the world's disposable income had homes. Or so it was said. Tommy Bean was their pro. The second world was outside Lakeland, Fla., where his father scratched out a living running a broken-down golf course. Mindful of the irony, the elder Bean named it Jekyll-Hyde. Between the millionaires and the sweat, Andy learned that you get back what you put in. Few people practice as hard as he does. And his captivating manner ultimately enabled him to get through the one rough spot in his career, his rookie season when he didn't make enough to pay his motel bills. Roy Mann, a rich glove manufacturer and family friend

from Menlo, Ga. bankrolled him for no reward other than friendship.

"That big ol' boy is the reason I'm alive, the reason I can walk," says the 64-year-old Mann. In December 1975 Mann was operated on for cancer. "If it weren't for Andy Bean, I'd be dead. But there was no way I was going to die with Andy going on tour. I told his daddy 14 years ago, 'You train him, and I guarantee that he'll be on the pro tour. If Andy could do this to more people, the doctors would be out of business.'" Bean carries several worn \$100 bills in his wallet. Mann has emphysema and isn't supposed to smoke, and every time Bean catches him, it costs Mann \$100.

The back of Bean's neck is beginning to show the deep creases that are the badge of honest work in the gun-rack country of the rural South. His attitude toward women reflects that heritage. For instance, he liked Susan O'Connor, his partner in the mixed-team championship two years ago, because she used salty language. But he was less pleased with Amy Alcott, his partner last year, because she wouldn't take his advice on reading greens. Around Haines City, if a female can't shoot a gun and whistle in the dogs, she belongs in the kitchen. Thus at dinner time, if Andy is busy oiling a shotgun in the living room, no one dares mention that supper is getting cold on the dining-room table. On the highway, when Debbie nervously points out a car heading toward them at an alarming rate, Andy yells back, "Now, woman! You let me drive. I see the dad gum car!" And if she has the temerity to reach up and straighten the morass of papers and paraphernalia crammed behind the sun visor, her husband says, "Woman, leave that stuff alone! You go messing with it, and I can't find anything."

Debbie is a former airline stewardess, but she never will tell Andy to put his baggage underneath his seat or to fasten his seat belt. He proposed to her in the Atlanta airport on April Fool's Day. Actually, it was more a command than a proposal. When Debbie said she wanted to think it over, Bean said there would be none of that, just go ahead and set a date. They were married last Aug. 30, in

the middle of the week so Andy wouldn't have to miss a tournament.

"I guess you might call me lucky," says Debbie, who knew what she was getting into. Andy's mother Marjorie works seven days a week at the Jekyll-Hyde Golf Course but goes home early each day so she can prepare dinner. When her husband gets back, often as not he is exhausted enough to eat in bed. When Andy bought Debbie some flowers during this year's Phoenix Open, Debbie considered the implications. A Bean doesn't often buy his woman flowers. "He either wanted to surprise me," she said, "or he happened to pass a flower stand, or he wants to buy those two shotguns he was looking at."

Debbie is part of something called the Plan, which is Tommy's scenario for Andy's success on the tour. She bought a memory book to help her recall the names of people she meets at the golf course. She says Barbara Nicklaus did that when she and Jack first joined the tour. "They say Barbs' is fabulous," says Debbie. "She never forgets a name."

Bean's best friend is Steve Maddox, a life-insurance salesman from Lakeland. "Steve's the only guy I ever met who's crazier than me," says Andy. It was friendship at first sight. A few years ago, Bean and another fellow were stranded at 3 a.m. with car trouble. Bean's companion called Maddox, and he showed up driving his Corvette, wearing a leather jacket and underwear. Before Bean got married, he and Maddox probably set a record for closing bars in the Lakeland area, to say nothing of cleaning them out, and when mothers saw them walking down the street, they instinctively clutched their daughters.

Golfers are a homogenized breed and few stand out from the crowd. Arnold Palmer did, injecting charisma into his career by blissing up his pants and saying things like, "The game is on." But Palmer also showed emotion; he shared his feelings, whether dismay or exultation, with the galleries. It is not coincidental that Palmer is even now Bean's ideal. Both have much in common: a rural upbringing; a dogged father who taught them the game; a modest wife in the background; a flair for doing the unpredictable and taking a gamble; and an honest face.

continued

Now that golf has Bean, it has to figure out what to do with him. Associates find it incomprehensible that during a tournament a man can take time to wrestle an alligator, or to bite the cover off a golf ball. The first occurred at the tour qualifying school at Walt Disney World in 1975 when Bean saw a small alligator lying on the bank of a pond. He walked over, grabbed it by the tail and flipped it into the water. His playing partner, a Yankee, was aghast. Bean was accustomed to alligators; as a child growing up in Georgia he had one as a pet. He also had a squirrel, a goat, a dog, a deer, an iguana, a monkey and a raccoon that was a pickpocket and vending-machine thief. Whenever it heard money going into the cracker machine, it bustled over and tried to steal whatever came out.

He bit the golf ball when he was playing a college tournament with Jay Haas, now a fellow pro. Some people say that Bean hit the ball as well then as now. Pate, for instance, remembers being out-driven by 100 yards. But Bean's temper was such that people used to follow him at a safe distance, giggling and waiting, hecklers around a tormented animal. Finally his coach, Buster Bishop, told him that if he threw another club he was off the team. It was enough that he was hiding dead fish in his teammates' bubblers and behind their dorm radiators. So during one tournament when Bean missed a series of piddling putts, he stifled a shriek, grabbed the ball and took a chomp out of it, then threw it into the bushes. The stunned Haas went into the bushes and found the ball. He wanted a trophy. A lot of people make holes in one. How many bite the cover off a DT Titleist?

In a very large sense, the man responsible for Andy's behavior is Tommy Bean. Andy's 53-year-old father, confidant, adviser, coach, friend and the brother that neither of them ever had. Tommy Bean taught his son difficult lessons and dominated him with what he calls "the iron fist." When he thought Andy was derelict in practicing, he sold the boy's clubs. When they played together as partners in money games, he missed shots on purpose so that Andy would learn the meaning of pressure. When, as a youngster, Andy hooked a large catfish that threatened to pull him into the water, his father refused to help

until the boy had landed it by himself 30 minutes later. Tommy Bean quit drinking for 10 years. He wanted to set an example. He was the general. Andy was the soldier. The plan was to win the war.

"He wasn't no accident," says Tommy, his ever-present unlit cigar wagging in his mouth. "People say he was lucky. Shoot! I wanted to play when I was young, but I didn't have no money. The Plan was for Andy to play. He started at four playing golf, and it took 22 years to get him here. I spent a lot of money on him. He played in tournaments everywhere and never worked. People said, 'Why don't you put that big ol' boy to work?' I said, 'That'd be foolish economics. This boy is going to be a winner.' I always told him, 'Let those other people finish second, son.' He's a winner. He don't like to lose. I don't either. Let the losing be for them other people."

When Andy Bean won his first tournament, the Dozal Open, in March of 1977, his father was up early Monday morning, waiting for the paper. He wanted to see his son's name at the top of the list of finishers. He had been waiting 20 years to see it there. And when he did, he fell down on the floor and rolled around in sheer happiness. Says Andy, "I'll never be able to repay all he did for me."

Ultimately, what Tommy Bean did was push and prod his son to the top; the worst thing was losing, worse than people laughing when he did something stupid. Bean blew a semifinal match in the 1975 U.S. Amateur to Fred Ridley, a teammate from Florida whom Bean beat regularly. After the match, Bean was so seamed he told Ridley, "If you don't win the tournament, I'll kill you." Bean says now, "I think he thought I meant it." Ridley won.

Bean likes to win so much that one night in Tempe, Ariz., at the Malibu Grand Prix racetrack, he spent \$50 proving to a handful of other touring pros that he was the best driver among them in the miniature Formula I class.

Besides the will to win, the father also taught the son to float the ball high, never to hit a hook, and the secret of the golf swing. "Think of it as if you were bowling," he said. "Straight back and straight

through." Right after Andy graduated from college, the two had such an argument on the practice tee that people walked away, fearful they were about to witness mayhem. Tommy wanted to change Andy's grip. "I told him, 'Son, you can beat them school kids, but you can't beat them pros.' We worked on it for three weeks. I said, 'Son, if I have to invent a new way to play golf, you're going to make it. You got to hit that ball in the air.' And he said, 'What about the wind?' And I told him, 'Well, 85% of the time it's good, and the other 15% you got to do the best you can.' " Thus, like Jack Nicklaus, Andy Bean hits the ball high, as high as anyone in the game. His one-iron shots travel 240 yards, gaining altitude like eight-irons and landing softly. His worst score this year, a 79, came in gale-force winds at the San Diego Open.

Even now, Tommy Bean continues to motivate and coax his son. When Andy insists on attempting artificial half-shots, say, a 155-yard five-iron, Tommy snorts, "I'll get you a beginner's set. You're good enough you don't need all your clubs." He won't let up, the way Andy won't let up on Debbie. When his father is around, Andy consequently exaggerates a bit about the amount of time he has been practicing at his home course, the Grenelife Golf and Racquet Club. But he has learned his lessons well. He won't change. If the wind blows, that's the way that goes. Tommy learned just how stubborn Andy can be when he caddied for him in last year's British Open. By the end of the tournament, Tommy was so mad that he wouldn't talk. "He expected that we would be a team," says Andy, "but I don't like to gab on the course. I told him, 'You expect me to change everything for you? I'm not going to do that for anybody.' " Not even for the fellow who taught him not to do it.

To understand the depth of the pair's relationship, consider that Andy wouldn't order Debbie to marry him until he had discussed it with his father. When his father gave his O.K., Andy let out a whoop, picked up his father and threw him into a Florida canal. "There!" he yelled. "I've been waiting a long time to do that. And I guess I'm big enough now to do it." Then the two Beans went shopping for a wedding ring.

Tommy Bean is a sight to behold. By

continued

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Andy's own description, "he looks like a meacham." His father bulldozed out a swamp to build nine holes at Jekyll-Hyde. And each day he is there he manages to get more done than the rest of his crew combined—baggy, grease-smearsed jeans slung low on his hips, the dirt packed under his fingernails, fighting the breakdowns of old machinery. During the winter he wears a golf hat, a couple of flannel shirts and a faded quilted jacket that has bits of spit-out tobacco on one shoulder. His face is weathered from the years spent outside, his nose is embroidered with a fine web of broken capillaries, but he is proud that his hair is still thick and blond. Even around the millionaires at Jekyll Island, Tommy Bean dressed this way, though he made enough money off the sale of used golf balls alone to buy a small airplane.

He came from La Fayette in north Georgia, the son of an impoverished cotton-mill worker. Style never mattered. "People think I'm a caddie out here," he says, gesturing at Jekyll-Hyde's cinder-block buildings. "Like I told Andy a long time ago, clothes don't make a man. It's what's in 'em. I'd rather fool them in reverse. I'd rather they think I ain't got nothing and then surprise them." The elder Bean wears a diamond ring he calls his "\$50,100 mistake." When he moved to Lakeland to get Andy involved in Florida's fine junior golf program, he opened up a tire business. "This ring is all I got out of it. It didn't break me, but it sure bent me a little."

The golf shop at Jekyll-Hyde is strictly functional. The clothing rack has only one dusty windbreaker for sale, and on a wall a sign advertises "7 LESSONS \$15—RESULTS GUARANTEED. There is mustard and ketchup on a counter for the sandwiches. Corned beef is 99¢. But hanging on a wall is a towel from the British Open. And Tommy Bean is chewing on a cigar that Seve Ballesteros' father gave him at the World Series of Golf. That towel and cigar are the equal of a Mercedes-Benz and a vacation in Tahiti to Tommy Bean, a man good enough, but never rich enough, to be a winner. The highlight of his competitive career came in the 1955 Amateur Public Links championship, in which he was a finalist. "A group of guys once said they would back him on the tour," says Andy. "All he had to

do was every so often play some money matches for them. The trouble was, they told him sometimes he would have to lose. He said, 'No thanks.' That's the way that goes."

Although as an amateur he used to beat on his shin with his putter when he missed puts, Andy's temper has only rarely threatened to get him into trouble as a pro. He even kept his cool when he missed a two-inch putt at the Pensacola Open, swiping at the ball and moving it only an inch. He never has been fined for throwing a club. But last year he promised to hurl one veteran tour star about as far as a wedge shot, twice warning him to quit trying to get under his skin. "Work on my mind," he called it. Since then, everybody has been real nice.

"The older guys here don't like a young guy coming out and beating them," says Pate. "They'll try to work on you. But Andy's the type who won't take it. There are a couple of guys that I wouldn't want to mess with. Andy's one of them." Later in the year, the same tour star, a precise, cultured man with a perpetual expression of distaste, shared a car with Tommy Bean. Tommy "accidentally" smudged the star's perfectly pressed white slacks with his soggy cigar.

When Andy was a junior golfer, Gary Koch and Eddie Pearce got all the publicity in Florida. Then in college, Bean was rated behind players like Koch, Andy North and Phil Hancock. Buster Bishop says Bean had the most potential of any player he has coached and has only begun to show his talent. Bean has been close in his last two U.S. Opens, he shot a 79 in the final round in 1977, and blew his chance at Denver last year when he hit a 70-yard wedge shot into the water on the 17th hole on Saturday. He calls it the worst shot of his career. In that tournament, Bean made 17 birdies, as many as anyone, but he also had a disastrous seven double bogeys.

Last January, the week before Andy left for the 1979 tour, he and his father went on a dove shoot, then joined a group at a friend's home that night. The host's family owned a large tract of orange groves. In the driveway was a Rolls-

Royce covered with a tarpaulin. The host wore a cardigan held together with a paper clip. There was fine food, all the wives' best casseroles, a lot of banter and storytelling and finally a session of singing songs around a piano. "Them people's gold," said Tommy on the ride home. "Those flashy people in New York, they're brass. But them people's gold."

As Andy drove, father and son imperceptibly leaned inward toward each other. They recounted the day's episodes, laughing about Andy wallowing off into knee-deep swamp water and into the woods with a sack of birds when the game warden suddenly appeared. He was over the limit, but the warden was just checking for permission to hunt deer on their host's land. Tommy Bean knew that his son wouldn't have gone over the limit if he weren't with him. "I taught you to play golf, and you outgolf me," he said. "I taught you to fish, and you outfish me. I taught you to hunt, and you outhunt me. . . I must be a pretty good teacher."

The car turned down the road leading toward Jekyll-Hyde. The air was cool. The growers would soon be fighting their smudge pots. Tommy would have to be up at sunrise the next morning to water the greens, clearing them of frost. He must have thought of the distant course, and how it was so much of his life. Beside him was his son, who represented the other part of his existence. He had watched both grow from nothing, all part of the Plan.

"You know, Andy," he said, "I think we could make a million dollars when they four-lane this highway in a few years. Property is going to jump in value then." There was only silence. For months Andy had been trying to get his father to sell the course, to retire. Tommy works more than 12 hours a day now. It's too much at his age, but it's hard to let go of something you love. Half of his life is only mementos now. He wants to keep the other half a little longer.

The silence deepened in the car. Tommy chewed on his cigar. Finally, he said, "Guy called from West Palm Beach the other day. Wanted to know if I would sell. I told him I would."

Andy Bean smiled inwardly and thought, "I'll win that U.S. Open for you, old man."

END

THE BARGAIN OF A LIFETIME

Nelson Bunker Hunt purchased Exceller for \$25,000. Now the 6-year-old has won more than \$1.5 million by **WILLIAM NACK**



Late of a Tuesday night in July 1974, in the crescent-shaped pavilion at the Keeneland Summer Sales, Nelson Bunker Hunt was studying the sales catalog when the pedigree of a yearling filly caught his eye. He leaned over to Ted Curtin, one of his Irish trainers.

"Did you see this filly?" asked Hunt, one of the world's leading thoroughbred breeders and owners.

"No," said Curtin, scanning his list. "I haven't got her marked."

"Skip out and have a look at her."

Curtin was gone—up the staircase and out the door, to where the yearlings, coming from the barn, are marshaled for the sale. Curtin spotted the filly. "A possibility on paper," he recalls thinking, "but too big, a big, plain filly. Not our type."

He was about to return to the pavilion when, by chance, he spotted a bay colt that attracted him at once—a son of Vaguely Noble, Hunt's own stallion. Curtin liked him in spite of a flaw: the youngster's pastern bones, extending from hoof to ankle, were set too high.

Still, the colt filled Curtin's eye. "It's like you go to a dance and see a woman you like," he says. "She appeals to you. You can't say why, but there's something about her, the way she carries herself, that appeals to you. He was like that. To me an ideal type of horse—compact, athletic-looking, beautifully balanced."

Curtin slipped back into his seat in the sales pavilion.

"There's a colt coming in that we buy," he said.

continued

Exceller, Bill Shoemaker up, is betting Affirmed to be the first to better Kelso's earnings record



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A full-page photograph of a man with dark, curly hair and a serious expression, looking directly at the camera. He is wearing a white, long-sleeved button-down shirt that is open at the collar and slightly bunched at the waist, paired with blue denim jeans. He is holding a dark jacket or bag in his left hand. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an industrial or urban setting. The text "Calvin Klein Jeans" is printed in a white, sans-serif font at the bottom of the image.

Calvin Klein Jeans

Hunt was puzzled. "What about the filly?" he asked.

"Ah, we won't have her. Not our type."

"Well, who's the colt?"

"By Vaguely Noble."

Hunt laughed. Six years before, he had purchased a half interest in Vaguely Noble. A champion in France, he was turning out to be a whirlwind at stud. Hunt had Vaguely Nobles everywhere; they were coming out his stalls.

"That's all I want and need," Hunt said, "another Vaguely Noble. What's his number?"

"It's 294," said Curtin. "He's out of Too Bald."

Hunt lit up. Too Bald was a good race mare, and Hunt likes nothing more than racing class in the dam. "He'll bring 75, 100 thousand," Hunt said.

He wasn't close. The colt had the pattern problem, as the prospective bidders at the sale were well aware. Set properly, at the preferred 45 degrees, the spring-like pasterns absorb shock optimally, minimizing concussion as the hooves strike the ground. American surfaces, hard and unyielding, tend to accentuate the flaw; European surfaces, softer and more yielding grass, tend to forgive it. And Ted Curtin was working for Hunt, who was sending his yearlings to Europe to be trained.

The bidding opened at \$24,000, Hunt would recall, and stalled immediately. Hunt waited. Still silence. Finally, afraid Hunt would lose the colt, Curtin nudged him. Then again, Hunt nodded. "\$25,000." The colt was his.

"There must be something wrong with the horse," said Hunt. "He must be lame."

"There's nothing lame about him," Curtin said.

All that was lame, as things would turn out, was the judgment of those who sat on their hands as the bay moved about the walking ring. This was the select yearling sale at Keeneland, and this was the night a son of Graustark, later to be named Whirlawhirl, brought \$330,000; when a son of Hail to Reason, to be called Mjlova, brought \$197,000; when 79 yearlings brought \$57,342 on the average, making the son of Vaguely Noble a fire-sale special. "This isn't a very exact business," Hunt says. Whatever his misgivings at the time, wondering what manner of horse he had bought, Hunt would nev-

er name a horse better. He called him Exceller. It is somehow fitting, given what happened in the intervening four years, that the colt should have raised so little notice in his first public appearance and gone almost entirely overlooked.

Since 1975 Exceller has won more money than any racehorse ever sold at public auction. Through March 4, when, in his first race since last fall, he finished in a dead heat for third in the Santa Anita Handicap, he had won a total of \$1,599,003, placing him fifth on the list of all-time money-winning thoroughbreds. He is \$10,315 behind Affirmed going into this week's San Luis Rey Stakes, a \$150,000 race Affirmed will miss. No horse in memory has ever performed so consistently or accomplished so much on both sides of the Atlantic as Exceller. He won \$528,231 racing in Europe and almost twice that much here. Yet, when time comes for his induction into the Racing Hall of Fame—if, that

is, someone remembers to nominate him—he may be recalled as the greatest racehorse in history ever to be ignored. Fact is, Exceller has spent most of his life dacking out of one shadow and into another, beginning in Europe and continuing through last year in the U.S., when he got lost in another shuffle.

In Europe, in 1975, he was third fiddle in Maurice Zilber's barn of Hunt 2-year-olds. One of his stablemates was another colt by Vaguely Noble called Empery, and another was a son of Ack Ack named Youth. Around the track, Europeans do things a bit slower than Americans, and Zilber raced the three colts lightly at two. But, by fall, Zilber was already making his plans, and they did not include Exceller.

"With a little luck," he said, "we'll win both derbies."

"What derbies?" asked Hunt.

"The French Derby with Youth and the Epsom Derby with Empery."

Trainer Charlie Whittingham produced the Gold Cup victory over Slew and Affirmed



Hunt asked about Exceller. "He's very good, but we'll save him until later," said Zilber.

It was a long later, but Youth and Empery were long shadows. Hunt decided to split his stable, giving Youth and Empery to Zilber while sending Exceller to François Mathet. Making a prophet of Zilber, Youth won the French Derby, Empery the Epsom Derby. Exceller went elsewhere, to softer spots. He won the Grand Prix de Paris and the Prix Royal-Oak, both major races, winning four of five and \$299,101 before he floundered in the soft-going of the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, finishing 19th in a field of 20.

Youth and Empery both went to stud at the close of their 3-year-old seasons, and it was Exceller who made most of the dances in 1977. "One of the top middle-distance horses in Europe," *Time* form, the periodical that evaluates European racehorses, would say. "Genuine and consistent." And as traveled as Gulliver, hopping from country to country and course to course—France to England to France and back to England again, to America and Canada and back to America again.

He won \$376,279 in four countries and raced on eight different courses in 10 starts, never on the same one twice in a row. He beat the best in three countries, winning the Coronation Cup in England, the rich Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud in France and the Canadian International at Woodbine. At season's end, he staggered home seventh in the Turf Classic at Aqueduct, beaten by 22 lengths. Following that debacle, he was flown to California, where Trainer Charlie Whittingham was waiting for him.

"Oh, no," Whittingham's vet said. "What have they sent us now?"

"I gave a 'Hail, Mary, Mother of God,'" says Whittingham.

What they had was a racehorse wrung out by the rigors of his itinerary and troubled by a fungus on the heels of his feet, apparently contracted in one of the Eastern swamps over which he had been running—he had hit three soft racetracks in a row. "A horse traveling, when he comes from Europe, it takes a lot out of him," says Hunt. "I'll never forget seeing Nijinsky right after he got off the airplane in Kentucky. My Lord! He looked so bad you'd have thought he was sick or something. I didn't realize anything was wrong with Exceller's heels. I thought he'd just tailed off."

He had done that, too. Exceller is 16 hands tall, but he is put together like a watch, projecting a sense of balance, which conveys the illusion that he is smaller. He carries no excess flesh; so, drawn and thin when he arrived in California, he looked particularly humble. "You could see his ribs," Bill Shoemaker says. "A tired racehorse." What caused the most winching, though, was the way he walked. The straight pasterns make him step in a brittle, choppy motion, as if on eggshells. He paddles when he gallops, slapping at the ground, and he hammers at it when he runs.

"Like he's driving nails," Whittingham says. "He lowers his head when he gets under pressure and digs in. We've got some in the barn that are built better in front, but they ain't got any money in the bank."

Exceller had won \$689,113 when he went to California. More, he had Whittingham, the most successful trainer on the West Coast and for years one of the nation's premier horsemen. Whittingham won his first stakes race with champion Porterhouse in 1953; by last fall, he had trained 111 different stakes winners. No other American trainer has yet reached 75.

"I've known Charlie 20-odd years," Hunt says. "Along with Horatio Luro, his old mentor, they handle these imported horses probably better than most American trainers in this respect: their style of training is very European—longer, slower gallops and longer, slower works. They don't try to give a horse much early speed; a lot of horses, when they come from Europe, aren't used to that. Horses hurt themselves; it changes their whole regimen."

For Exceller's style, running long and coming from off the pace, Hunt could not have put the horse in better hands. He is Whittingham's kind of horse as the patient Shoemaker is his kind of jockey. Patience is the veteran trainer's game. He does not lean on 2-year-olds, preferring to allow a horse's bones to knit before he turns the screws. "You won't have any 4- and 5-year-olds if you run them hard at two," he says. "There are exceptions, but the odds are against you." And he has never much fancied the Kentucky Derby's mile-and-a-quarter cavalry charge in May. "I had a couple of mediocre horses I went with—not top horse-

es—and both got hurt, and I never won anything with them," he says.

From Luro, with whom he worked before and after serving in the Marine Corps during World War II, Whittingham learned how to wait. "He taught me a lot of patience," Whittingham says.

That is what Exceller needed. And that is what he got, in the way of two months off. The horse prospered, gaining weight and blooming through the California winter. He came back bouncing. By February, Whittingham was cranking him in earnest, preparing him for the long 1978 season—for what, in the end, would turn out to be a racing tour de force, one of the most searching, diversified and successful campaigns undertaken by an American thoroughbred in years. It was a bold, neatly handled enterprise during which Exceller put in his claim as the best grass horse in America, as among its ablest on the dirt and as its most accomplished, consistent performer. And it all culminated late on an October afternoon at Belmont Park, with Exceller battling Seattle Slew in the final yards of the Jockey Club Gold Cup.

By then, Exceller had established himself as the preeminent racehorse in California. He had won four major stakes on the Coast, three of them on grass—the 1½-mile San Juan Capistrano, beating Noble Dancer II by a neck; the Hollywood Invitational in near-record time, beating the good grass horse Bowl Game; and the 12-furlong Sunset Handicap, under Shoemaker's superb ground-saving ride. In the 1½-mile Hollywood Gold Cup, he came bounding off the pace to beat Text and Vigors, an exceptional handicapper, in his first serious race over the dirt. So Whittingham had himself a dirt horse.

Now, faced with options, he aimed Exceller toward New York—toward Affirmed and Seattle Slew. "That was more Charlie's idea than mine," says Hunt. "He was more keen to take on those horses than I was. Usually, it's the owner who is anxious to throw his horse into the battle. I said, 'Let's run in the United Nations at Atlantic City and places like that.' But Charlie wanted to save the horse and meet Seattle Slew and Affirmed in New York. I said, 'Well, O.K. Do it that way if you want to.'"

Whittingham wanted to, certainly now he had the horse to beat them with. "We were going to make money with him," Whittingham said, "and we thought

continued

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hood is a powerful, dependable 2-litre, 4-cylinder, overhead cam engine.

The front suspension and steering system of the 626 are patterned after the Mazda RX-7. Both Sedan and Coupe have a front anti-roll bar; the Coupe a rear anti-roll bar as well.

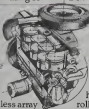
Above and beyond the truly exhilarating feeling of sport, the 626 provides an undeniable sense of class.

There is a three-position cushion height adjustment and a lumbar support adjustment on the

orthopedically-contoured driver's seat. It is quite likely you will feel well-placed and comfortable as never before in an automobile.

The 626 has AM-FM stereo, standard.

The high point of the 626's versatility is the split folding



And sport coupes.



\$5795*

rear seat. With either side folded down, it allows access to the trunk for long items like skis, while still providing room for at least one rear-seat passenger.

There is even a chime that thoughtfully rings if the headlights have been left on after you turn off the engine.

The new Mazda 626. An automobile that combines refinement, sport, versatility and economy. And does it all at a remarkably reasonable price.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. RX-7 5 model \$7195, GS model shown \$7995, GLC 3-door hatchback shown \$5995 (all slightly higher in California). Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. Wide alloy wheels shown extra. 626 Coupe \$340, RX-7 \$275 (slightly higher in some states). All prices subject to change without notice.

**EPA estimates for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less.

A partial listing of standard equipment on Mazda's new standard of value. AM-FM stereo

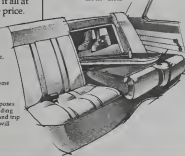
- Five-speed manual transmission (three-speed automatic optional)
- Steel-belted radial tires
- Lumbar support adjustment on driver's seat
- 60/40 split folding rear seat allowing extra-long or extra-wide items to be carried while still providing room for at least one rear-seat passenger
- Heater duct for rear passengers
- Electric trunk-release button
- Electric clock
- Rear

- window defroster
- Side window demisters
- Tinted glass
- Three-position cushion-height adjustment on driver's seat

- Orthopedically-contoured reclining front bucket seats
- Reminder chime (for headlights left on)
- Intermittent windshield wipers
- Two glove compartments
- Storage box with padded top in central console
- Trip odometer
- Full cut-pile carpeting
- 2-litre overhead cam engine
-  estimated MPG, 34 estimated highway MPG**

- Multi-layered sound deadening materials
- Front anti-roll bar
- Rear anti-roll bar on Coupe
- Power-assisted front disc brakes

- Recirculating ball-and-nut steering system
- Electronic ignition system
- Tachometer and electronic check panel on Coupe
- Lockable fuel door
- Carpeted trunk floor



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**3-door models. EPA estimates for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. GLC Wagon, 28^{est} estimated mpg, 40^{est} estimated highway mpg. California, 26^{est} estimated mpg, 38^{est} estimated highway mpg. 182000. 25^{est} estimated mpg, 37^{est} estimated highway mpg. California, 26^{est} estimated mpg, 36^{est} estimated highway mpg.

mazda

The more you look,
the more you like.

we had a very good chance for the championship."

In the Woodward Stakes, Exceller had no chance—not with Slew the only speed, with Slew running loose on the lead through an easy half in 47½—but he gave determined chase, finally losing by four. The Jockey Club Gold Cup would be different, Whittingham knew, because Affirmed and his rabbit, Life's Hope, were running, assuring some kind of a pace to help wear the speed horses down. Whittingham could not contain his confidence. The night before the race, the editor of *The Blood-Horse*, Kent Hollingsworth, was musing to a group of friends over which of the Triple Crown winners, Affirmed or Slew, was going to win the Gold Cup.

"Exceller's going to win it," Charlie said.

"Charlie, please stay out of this," Hollingsworth yelled.

"I'm going to win it," the trainer said. "Exceller's a lot better horse than people think."

The next day, after the rains had turned the track into a mire, Hollingsworth approached Whittingham in the paddock and asked him if Exceller could handle such a stew. "I don't know," Whittingham answered.

Exceller handled it like grass. When Affirmed's saddle slipped, the 1978 Triple Crown winner got away from Steve Cauthen, and at once Affirmed and Slew were at each other, dueling at a torrid clip—the half in :45½, three quarters in 1:09½. As they rounded the turn, Affirmed excused himself, and Slew took a breather on the lead. Shoemaker was 22 lengths back. "I saw Seattle Slew get away from Affirmed around the turn and knew he was getting a breather," the Shoe says. So he began asking Exceller for what he had.

He closed the gap to 15 lengths, then 12, then to seven at the 3/8ths pole. Slew's breather had become a sabbatical by the turn for home—he was covering the last three quarters in 1:17½ and coming off the turn Exceller appeared to have him. But he didn't—at least not yet.

The two battled through the stretch Slew hung on tenaciously. At the eighth pole, Exceller had him by half a length. But Slew fought back. From the pole home, Slew whittled at the margin—a neck, a half a neck, a head. Just as he seemed about to swallow Exceller, they hit the wire. Exceller winning by a nose.

It had been, by both horses, a tremendous performance.

The inevitable followed, as if fated at Keeneland four years before. The charismatic Slew, the Triple Crown winner who had come back—from illness and adversity in 1978, from the eighth pole to the wire in the Gold Cup—stole the hour that was Exceller's. "Darndest race I ever saw in this respect: Seattle Slew got more credit for running second than my horse did for winning," says Hunt.

Nor was Exceller called upon when they passed out Eclipse Trophies for 1978. Affirmed was voted Horse of the Year, off his Triple Crown, with Exceller a distant third. Seattle Slew was named the champion handicap horse. Not wanting to risk catching a soft-turf course in the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel, Whittingham took Exceller back to California following the Gold Cup and won the Oak Tree Invitational with him. "Charlie wanted to come back," Hunt says. "He'd been two months in the East. I really didn't have the heart to say, 'Well, let's stay another month for the International.' That was part of it. The other reason is I own half of Trillion and I thought she really had a shot to win. She ran fourth."

And the winner, Mac Diarmida, was named grass horse of the year, though he spent it largely in the company of fellow 3-year-olds.

But Exceller had himself a year. He won seven of 10 on two coasts, six of them major stakes against the best horses in America, and earned \$879,790. And he is back again. "Economically, it probably would have made more sense for him to go to stud," says Hunt. "But I enjoy seeing him run—he's a hard-battling horse. Dablia's the alltime money-winning filly, she's by Vaguely Noble. And I'm anxious to see if Exceller can become the alltime money-winning horse, being by Vaguely Noble."

And the first to win \$2 million. All that is in the year to come, Charlie Whittingham, scratching his pate, still wonders what happened last year.

"He won six major races," he says. "He won on the grass. He won on the dirt. He won in the mud. He carried his weight in all his races and coast to coast on three different tracks. He did it all. And he did it from the beginning of the year to the end of the year. What do you have to do to be Horse of the Year?"

You try again.

END

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In a time when much emphasis is put on physical fitness, it is good to remember we need spiritual exercise. Prayer, worship, and a concern for others strengthen the spirit of love and fellowship with God and man.

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STRIVING TO SERVE GOD
AND MAN

A Rocky Mountain low

The Denver Nuggets have had trouble on and off the court this season, and now this once-powerful team is struggling just to make the Western Conference playoffs

There are few franchises in professional sports—and none in the NBA—that have more closely resembled a fairytale kingdom than the Denver Nuggets. During the past four seasons, while most of the other clubs have had their ups and downs, been in or out of the playoffs and changed coaches and players like dirty socks, the Nuggets have been the most consistent and successful team in pro basketball.

Though they have never won a league championship, the Nuggets have averaged 55 victories a year, won their divisional title three of four years, and for the past two seasons led the NBA in at-

tendance. Their success has depended as much upon their imaginative and efficient front office as on their play on the floor. Presiding over the team is President and General Manager Carl Scheer, who has been known to subsist on a single Diet Pepsi and a couple of chocolate bars a day. His other source of nutrition was Coach Larry Brown, with whom Scheer coexisted in a happy symbiosis that promised to go on and on forever. "We fed off each other," said Scheer the other day.

But this season the Nuggets tempted fate by trading their beloved Bobby Jones to Philadelphia for George McGinnis and

bringing in Charlie Scott from Los Angeles. After these moves the Nuggets declared themselves stronger than ever and all but guaranteed their fans the elusive championship. But now, with only a few weeks remaining in the regular season, Denver's Camelot is beginning to resemble a faded memory.

Nagging injuries to David Thompson and Scott, Forward Anthony Roberts' illness, the clash of McGinnis' outside ball-handling game with that of high-post Center Dan Issel's, and a shallow bench have resulted in a decline in the Nuggets' fortunes, and they are immured in second place in the Midwest Division for the first time since joining the NBA two years ago. Moreover, on Feb. 1, when the team was 28-25 and 3½ games behind Kansas City, Brown acted on a threat that players and management had grown tired of hearing. At a tearful press conference, he announced that he was resigning immediately; he was in the first year of a lucrative five-year contract.

Brown talked of pains in his chest and his side, and mentioned that his father had died of a heart attack at 43. That very day Brown had been pronounced fit by a doctor and had run seven miles. His "poor health" story got little credence. "I've got coaches' disease," he admitted. While that malady is not to be found in medical texts, it is truly a disease of the heart, particularly for an emotional 38-year-old who knows of no greater job than coaching.

Last week in Phoenix, where he was supposedly on R & R, Brown spent more time agonizing over his past and future—while jogging himself toward exhaustion—than playing tennis with his wife Barbara. "I turn on the Nuggets game on the radio," he said, "and my insides churn." He has received a very generous offer to coach Memphis State and a few others from some major collegiate basketball powers; he could take a college job now, or wait for the expected flood of pro offers next month. One that he would dearly love could come from the New York Knicks, whom Brown has dreamed of coaching since his Long Island childhood.

continued

David Thompson, the \$800,000 a year man, didn't appreciate the views of ex-coach Larry Brown

THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS. EARLY TIMES.

A group of men in 19th-century attire are gathered around a table. One man in the foreground is holding a glass of whisky. A bottle of Early Times whisky is on the table. The background shows a train car interior.

1870. The first transcontinental train trip. On May 23, eight of the most elegant train cars America had ever seen steamed out of Boston for the Pacific Coast, with 129 distinguished guests aboard.

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Two bottles of Early Times whisky are shown side-by-side. The bottle on the left is labeled '1860' and the bottle on the right is labeled 'TODAY'. Both bottles have labels that read 'EARLY TIMES' and 'Kentucky Single Grain Whisky'.

*"What's the name
of that
pipe tobacco
he's wearing?"*

*"Maybe I
should smoke
a pipe..."*

*"I wish my man
would wear
his pipe tobacco."*

*"Is it his charm
or the
pipe tobacco
he's wearing?"*

*"Ooh, I'm in love
with that
pipe tobacco
he's wearing!"*

*"I wonder
if he's married..."*

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**Argosy Black &
Argosy Black Gold.**
The pipe tobacco that wears well.

Meanwhile, the Nuggets, now under the direction of Brown's best friend and former assistant, Donnie Walsh, are in deep and unfamiliar waters. McGinnis, contrary to some expectations, is having his finest year in the NBA, but the team is 9-8 under Walsh and it is locked in a desperate battle with San Diego and Portland for the last two Western Conference playoff spots. The Nuggets began a crucial seven-game home stand last week with a 119-118 loss to Houston, and after suffering their worst home defeat ever, 119-98 to Washington, they were 37-33, a half game behind San Diego and a half game ahead of Portland. The Nuggets must win on this home stand to stay alive; their last five games are on the road, including dates with the world-champion Bulls, Philadelphia and much-improved New Jersey.

The shock waves from Brown's departure have hardly died down. Clearly Scheer sees the breaking up of a successful working relationship and close friendship as tragic. "I suppose I should have seen something like this coming," he said last week, "but when you're too close to a situation you can't always see it for what it really is."

"I think Larry just burned out," says Walsh. "He'd been doing the same thing for six straight years without once forgetting basketball—in the summer, at home, in restaurants. His problem was that he intensified everything so, particularly the negative things. He was upset with the fans; he wanted more from the players than they were willing to give. I kept telling him, 'Larry, these guys are pros. They don't need a brother or a father or another friend.'"

But Brown doesn't buy it. "When I grew up," he says, "a coach was someone you looked up to and went to when you had a problem. I don't want these guys going to the general manager. I want them to trust me."

His problems began in earnest during last year's playoffs, when the Nuggets signed Thompson to his now-famous \$800,000 annual contract. When the team lost in the Western Conference finals, Brown made it known that he felt the contract brought undue pressure to bear upon Thompson and affected the team. Brown would usually begin his comments to the press by saying, "I don't want to sound like I'm blaming David, but..." Later he was quoted as saying, "I told management that if they jeopardize the franchise by signing David for

an outrageous amount of money, then they're crazy. A 6' 3½" guy doesn't win championships."

Such public utterances hardly enhanced the relationship between Brown and Thompson. And early this season, Brown also criticized McGinnis aloud. "I've been through so much, I don't pay any attention," said big George. "I know Larry's not a bad person." But with the taciturn Thompson it was much different. Brown made him the team example, harping on his penchant for arriving late at practice and missing team buses. Brown also was questioning the seriousness of Thompson's injuries, and generally felt that, as good as he was, Thompson was letting part of his extraordinary talent go to waste. Thompson believes that Brown was jealous of him and his huge salary, and overly concerned with his personal affairs.

"I was playing great after my injuries," says Thompson. "I was working so hard, but I always had Larry all over my back. I couldn't win. At one time he called me a selfish ballplayer. He'd let things build up, then he'd explode and catch you unaware. Larry had this thing about power. If I came in late, he thought it was just to spite him. The next day I would read in the papers that my lateness caused problems. But if it did cause problems, it was only because they were problems to Larry."

"This thing between Larry and David was terrible," says McGinnis. "Worse than I could have ever dreamed."

Brown steadfastly insists that the blame for his leaving should not be placed on the players, though after a stretch of nine losses in 10 games in November, he grew tense and haggard. He decided that Isel, who was coming off his best all-round year, was no longer right for the Nuggets, and let it be known that he wanted to trade him. He continued to complain to reporters about Thompson. After a loss at Philadelphia in which Thompson shot 3 for 16, Brown said, "I don't feel comfortable with anything about David right now," and there was a rumor that Thompson would be traded. A week later, during a team meeting, Thompson finally blew up, saying, "If I'd known I wasn't wanted, I would never have signed." Brown's response was that most of the unfattering quotes about the players attributed to him were taken out of context or wholly made up by report-

ers. "But I knew he was lying," says Thompson.

After a 117-100 blowout at Milwaukee on Nov. 28, Brown went public for the first time with the idea of quitting. For what seemed like the ninth or 10th time, Walsh talked him out of it. Two nights later, in New Orleans, McGinnis and Scott went to Brown's hotel room and told him, in effect, that if he quit, for whatever reasons, they would get the blame; that they had come to Denver hoping to put their controversial reputations behind them.

Brown was moved and decided to stick it out. But he continued to press for a trade involving Isel—there was a possible deal with New Orleans for Rich Kelley. He also wanted a point guard—there was an attempt to get Busch Lee from Atlanta, and later to get Scheer to re-sign Brian Taylor, who had walked out on the Nuggets the year before in a salary dispute. (Taylor wound up signing with San Diego.) Scheer says he finally told Brown there would be no trades, that every time the Nuggets spluttered Brown came rushing in demanding a trade. "This kind of pancey action has to stop," Scheer told him.

Next came a Denver newspaper article in which Scheer was portrayed as the cool head prevailing over Brown's irrationality. Their relationship, often likened to a marriage, was definitely and violently on the rocks. "As far as I'm concerned," Brown told Scheer, "you no longer exist. You're just going to have to fire me."

Said Scheer, "If you can't work with me I can't work with you."

Brown reflected on all this with great bitterness last week. He would like to be a college coach, he says, "because players are not spoiled by long-term contracts and are willing to work hard and respect their coach." Yet Brown, who has a combined .641 winning percentage in the ABA and NBA, better than that of any active coach, would still prefer to see his philosophy triumph in the pros. Thinking aloud, his eyes brimming with tears, Brown said, "Bringing winning basketball back to New York, working with Red Holzman, that would be great. ... Looking up from that parquet floor in Boston. ... Al Attles was the first person to call me and Rod Thorn visited from Chicago. ... Hey, maybe I'm not so bad after all." END

It wasn't much of a joyride

Spectacular Bid won the Florida Derby, but he had to survive a bumpy journey that left jockey Ron Franklin in tears



Despite running into traffic, Bid won by 4½.

Closing day at Gulfstream Park fell this year on a Tuesday, a day long established as the worst on which to draw a crowd. Yet the presence of Spectacular Bid in the \$200,000 Florida Derby, one of the major prep races leading up to the Triple Crown, lured 31,792 fans, more than had ever seen the race before. The attendance was directly attributable to the excitement generated by Spectacular Bid in Florida this winter and to what he is certain to continue doing in the weeks ahead.

Spectacular Bid won the Florida Derby by 4½ lengths, a margin surpassed just once in 28 previous runnings of the 1¼-mile race. With only the Flamingo and Blue Grass Stakes ahead of him before he steps into the starting gate at Churchill Downs on May 5, Spectacular Bid has solidified his position as the East's top 3-year-old and a colt capable of becoming the third Triple Crown winner in three years.

But the Florida Derby was a bewildering race. Spectacular Bid's time of 1:48½ was two seconds slower than Gen. Duke's 1957 stakes record and 1½ seconds slower than Alydar's winning time of a year ago, but the track was far from fast, and the race he was forced to run was a near disaster.

Two minutes after Spectacular Bid went under the finish line, a strange scene unfolded. As the colt was being led to the winner's circle, his trainer, Grover (Buddy) Delp, started marching alongside the strapping gray, screaming at 19-year-old jockey Ron Franklin. "You idiot!" Delp yelled. "You damned idiot! You almost got the horse killed out there." The jockey, voted the nation's top apprentice of 1978, hung his head as tears welled in his eyes.

Delp didn't stop with that outburst. He continued to berate Franklin and threatened to take him off the horse. As soon as word spread, several of the country's top jockeys tried to get the mount on Spectacular Bid. But by last Monday, Delp's anger had abated and he said Franklin would stay on the colt. In the days before, Harry Silbert, Bill Shoemaker's agent, twice made 5 a.m. calls to Delp, trying to

secure the mount, and Darrell McHargue, the top money-winning rider of 1978, paid a visit to Delp's Gulfstream barn, as did Jacinto Vasquez. Last year Delp had replaced Franklin in the Champagne and Young America Stakes mainly because of inexperience—the horse had lost two of three at that point.

Delp brought Franklin onto the race-track three years ago and put him on his first winner in 1978, a year in which the youngster won 262 races. Franklin even moved in with Delp, who has described the jockey as his "third son." In November, when exercise rider Michael Smith ran a horse up inside one ridden by Franklin during a morning workout at Laurel, Delp was accused of twice punching Smith and was suspended for 20 days by the Maryland stewards.

In the days leading up to the Florida Derby, Delp was predicting an easy win. "He may be the best horse ever to look through a bridle. Heck, the only young horse in the United States that belongs on the same track with him is that horse out in California, Flying Pastor."

Spectacular Bid had raced over the Gulfstream track twice before the Florida Derby, winning the seven-furlong Hutcherson Stakes and the 1¼-mile Fountain of Youth by a total of more than 12 lengths. His reputation as the top 2-year-old of 1978 plus some exceptionally fast winter workouts caused the trainers of numerous other classic candidates to back away from challenging him. While 23 opponents had been nominated for the Hutcherson, only three decided to test Spectacular Bid: from an original list of 32 possible starters for the Fountain of Youth just five fell under the starter's orders. When entries closed for the Florida Derby, again only five of 71 original candidates were in the gate.

While three of Spectacular Bid's Florida Derby opponents had won stakes, two of them, Sir Ivor Again and Fantasy 'N Reality, had done so in races restricted to horses bred in New York and Florida, and Medallie D'or had won his only stakes at Woodbine in Canada.

Thus, it seemed that the sole question about Spectacular Bid's richest race to

continued

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date would be the extent of his winning margin. And later, after blasting Franklin for his ride, Delp maintained that his horse should have won "by 25 lengths." The official *Racing Form* chart of the Florida Derby tells precisely what happened: "Spectacular Bid bunged into the left side of the gate at the start, was allowed to settle, moved along the inside going into the first turn, was steadied and altered course over Sir Ivor Again's heels midway through the turn, accelerated quickly along the backstretch, was forced to steady again leaving the backstretch while trying to get through along the inside, was steadied again midway through the turn, was eased back and to the outside, came four wide into the stretch, was hit six times with the whip rightbanded at the head of the stretch and into the stretch, bore in slightly, was hit twice left-handed and drew well clear in the final sixteenth."

"You were pulling up in the first turn when all you had to do was go by him," Delp screamed at his jockey. "Why didn't

you go by that SOB? And what are you doing going on the inside back there? You go outside with the SOB."

It is doubtful that any horse has been in so much serious trouble so many times in a major stakes as Spectacular Bid and still overcome those problems to win. Twice it looked as if he might be heading for a spill, and at the start Franklin was almost pitched in the sand. Although Delp continued to rip into Franklin long after the race ("The smartest thing about Ronnie is that he knows he isn't smart," the trainer said), he also maintained that several of the other riders had "ganged up" on Spectacular Bid and his jockey. Franklin agreed. "They teamed up on me," he said. "What could I do? They were yelling all over the place, 'Go to the inside, go to the outside.'" Delp later said he wouldn't consider Angel Cordero or Jorge Velasquez, whom Franklin particularly criticized, as a possible rider for Spectacular Bid. Both Velasquez, who had been taken off Spectacular Bid last fall after two rides, and

Cordero denied Franklin's accusations.

Although Franklin gave the colt a horrendous ride, Delp's tantrum led to expressions of sympathy for his jockey.

"Heck, Delp knew that sooner or later Franklin was going to ride Spectacular Bid into a jam," one of Delp's friends said. "Franklin just doesn't have that much experience. Delp was lucky the major mistake happened long before the Kentucky Derby. But screaming at the kid was completely uncalled for."

How good is Spectacular Bid? Very. He has now rattled off eight consecutive stakes and won races over seven different tracks. His only two losses occurred early in his 2-year-old campaign, and Delp maintains that Bid has accomplished more at this stage of his career than Secretariat, Seattle Slew or Affirmed had in theirs. "Bid is a cinch to win the Triple Crown," Delp says. As for the March 24 Flamingo, Delp is even more emphatic. "Heck," he says, "I weigh 195 pounds and I could ride Spectacular Bid and win the Flamingo."

END

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A wild way to make the point

The announcement from Jack (Legs) O'Reilly all but cracked through Detroit's Cobo Arena last Saturday afternoon: "Believe it or not, ladies and gentlemen, if Villanova wins this final event, it will take the NCAA indoor track championships by one point."

Was this the same Villanova team that had begun this last day of competition in 25th place? At that point, it seemed certain that the University of Texas at El Paso, the pre-meet favorite, could not help but win its fifth title in six years. But suddenly UTEP was like a small boy on a carousel who has grabbed the gold ring but neglected to hold on to his horse.

Among UTEP partisans there was a feeling of helplessness. The final event was the mile relay and the Miners were not entered. All they could do was pace the floor as an energized Villanova relay team beat Maryland and snatched away the gold ring.

UTEP Coach Ted Banks was furious. "The mental edge given Villanova by that announcement was immeasurable," he said. "It should not have been made."

But where had all the Villanova points come from in the first place? Even Banks didn't seem sure. He had been smiling as the day's competition began, and the capacity crowd of 9,500 had been filled with anticipation, but mostly for great individual performances. So what if the team championship was all but wrapped up? UTEP's Suficman Nyambui, who has run an 8:17.9 indoor two mile, the second fastest in history, had yet to compete. He would win that event and perhaps double in the mile. And certainly it would be gratifying to see Villanova's Don Paige provide his team, which had faltered badly on Friday, with a few minutes of glory over 1,000 yards. In addition Maryland's Renaldo Nehemiah could be counted on to break some kind of record in the 60-yard hurdles.

Nehemiah was introduced by Legs O'Reilly as "our great hope for Moscow," and, as expected, he proceeded to break his NCAA record of 7.16 three times, first with a 7.08 in a preliminary heat, then with a 6.98 in a quarterfinal and next with a winning 6.90 in the final,

Villanova's Wildcats staged a furious comeback to take out another NCAA title

just .02 off his world record. Nehemiah admitted Moscow was on his mind, but that his long-range goal is to become a pro football quarterback.

UTEP started off its scoring on the final day with four points from Jerome Deal's fourth-place finish in the 60-yard dash. That event was won for the second year in a row by Texas A&M's Curtis Dickey in 6.15. Thus as Nyambui got ready for the two mile the Miners led Villanova 31-2.

As usual, Nyambui, a 22-to-28-year-old UTEP freshman from Tanzania, stood at the start wearing his deceptively sleepy expression, and, as usual, he started out way back in the pack. He hung there effortlessly on the 11-laps-to-the-mile track as if on automatic pilot, before moving into third place with three laps to go. Then, as he entered the last turn, Nyambui waved to his friends at trackside, flashed his gap-toothed grin and left almost all the other runners gasping far to the rear. His time of 8:37.87 was undistinguished, but it meant 10 more points for his team, and perhaps he had been saving himself for the mile.

Villanova trailed 41-2 as the 600-yard run began, but Banks was taking nothing for granted. He bundled up Nyambui and walked him down a hall like a fine but tired thoroughbred while he whispered to his charge, "Let's get your body temperature down."

There were two sections of four runners each in the 600, first place to be decided on time. Villanova sophomore Anthony Tufariello was content with an

early second place, but as the gun lap began he surged past Miami of Ohio freshman Darrell Sargent and won by eight yards in 1:09.4, just .01 of a second under the NCAA record. Villanova was now merely 29 points down.

Then the Wildcats took third in the distance medley and it was 41-18 UTEP, and the peerless Paige, who was undefeated indoors this season and last, was waiting in the wings. He had trained little in recent weeks, a strained ankle ligament having hobbled him, and he had been taking Danril for a throat infection. But after a glass of beer he had gone to bed early Friday night, promising, "I'll be ready tomorrow."

Virginia's Greg Canty bolted to the front at the start of the 1,000 as Paige expected him to. Tom Mortimer of North-eastern was second, but Paige was concerned only with Canty. With less than two laps to go, the Villanova senior made a move, but Canty held him off until the turn before the gun lap. Then Paige swung wide and picked up speed. When he came out of the turn he shot by Canty, and with 90 yards to go he felt confident enough to glance back. Canty was 10 to 15 yards to the rear.

"I knew I had him then," Paige said later, "and I decided to go for time. I wanted to give it my best shot." He did, or close to it, his 2:07.27 breaking by .02 the NCAA record held by Mark Belger. It was now 41-28, but only three events remained, and the next was the two-mile relay, in which Villanova had no entry. UTEP did.

There were seven four-man teams scheduled to fight for points and running room on the steeply banked, four-lane track. Entering a turn on the third leg, UTEP's Jan Boogman and Notre Dame's Chuck Aragon suddenly found themselves occupying the same section of track at the same time, which is to say one fouled the other. Jim Dunaway of *Track and Field News* said, "I saw the Notre Dame guy run into the UTEP guy as if he wasn't there. I said to the press box, 'Notre Dame is disqualified.'" Other observers agreed. UTEP finished second, but the meet referee said that Boog-

continued

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TRACK & FIELD continued

man had fouled Aragon, and disqualified the UTEP team, costing it eight points.

So with two events to go, UTEP still led 41-28 and it was Nyambui's turn again. But Villanova had two good mules in the race—Sydney Maree, with a best time of 3:57.1, and Amos Korir, with a 3:59.3. Korir took the lead from the start and held it for a half mile. Maree was third, and Nyambui, of course, was lost. Was he tired, or was he just Nyambui? At the half Maree had the lead, but at the three-quarter mark, Nyambui started moving up. By the time he approached the turn before the gun lap, Nyambui was 10 yards in front of Maree, and wildly flapping his arm at his admirers in the arena's uppermost tiers.

Nyambui won in a meet-record 3:57.89 to give UTEP a total of 51 points, but Maree and Korir finished second and third, and their 14 points gave Villanova a total of 42 with the mile relay remaining. The Villanova relay team knew nothing of UTEP's disqualification in the two-mile relay until seconds before its big final race. When he got the news, Wildcat anchor man Tim Dale began totaling the points. Just about the time that Dale realized what a Wildcat win would do, Legs O'Reilly informed the crowd.

The mile relay was run in two sections of four teams each; Villanova was in the second field. Kansas won the first section, in 3:16.07, but Villanova had an adrenaline advantage. Tufariello, running the third leg, was five yards out in front when he took the baton from Derek Harbour and more than 20 when he gave it to Tim Dale, who finished in 3:15, with Maryland a distant second. Dale, Tufariello, Harbour and Keith Brown, who ran the lead-off leg, didn't wait for any announcement to go berserk. As Paige said, "We knew we had won right away. Lots of coaches had stopwatch and they all said we did."

Villanova hadn't won the NCAA indoor title since 1971. Last year it missed by nine points when in another fateful mile relay the Wildcats failed to reach the finish because a runner passed the baton out of the designated zone. Said Villanova's 63-year-old coach, Jumbo Elliott, "You win some, you lose some."

Ted Banks, who is 43, wasn't so philosophical. UTEP's next meet is scheduled for this weekend, outdoors at El Paso. "We may cancel it," Banks said. "We need to air out this whole thing and start off over."

END



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Bruce Kinseth of Iowa was on top all the way in the 150-pound class with five wins on five pins.

Another pig roast for Iowa

The Hawkeyes, who ate high on the hog at Ames, earned themselves a big party

College wrestling has moved out of low gear in recent years, much to the relief of the sport's long-suffering fans. As a result, a record 67,874 of them roared their approval of the full-speed-ahead action during the six sessions of last week's NCAA championships at Iowa State. Quite naturally, since the crowds consisted mostly of Iowans, most

of them were also pleased with the continuation of the power shift that has seen the fortunes of Oklahoma State and Oklahoma sag, while Iowa State's and Iowa's have been on the rise.

During the first 30 NCAA tournaments, from 1928 through 1964, Oklahoma State won 22 times, Oklahoma five. Then, with the help of rules revisions, Iowa State took six titles between 1965 and 1978. And at Ames last week on State's home mat, Iowa, led by Bruce Kinseth, who pinned all five of his opponents in the 150-pound class, won for the fourth time in five years.

For years there have been efforts to jazz up wrestling, give it more action and make it more appealing to spectators. An expert on this topic is Dule Thomas, the Oregon State coach, whose 412 dual-match victories are a collegiate high.

"I wrote my doctoral dissertation on the rules changes in wrestling," Thomas said. "One important change was in 1940 when a point system was brought in to

settle each match. Until then, all bouts were decided by riding time, with the man who controlled his opponent longer being the winner. The bug thing in recent years has been to cut down on stalling by the wrestlers, which has always been the sport's main problem."

It has become less and less of a problem during the '70s. Today, if a wrestler is not aggressive enough, the referee can warn, penalize and even disqualify him for stalling. A few people feel this has given excessive power to the referee. To be sure, there are still hugs to be worked out.

Among those echoing Thomas' opinion at Ames was Iowa State Coach Harold Nichols. In 30 seasons, 25 with the Cyclones, Nichols has had 391 dual-match victories.

"After we won our first nationals in '65, lots of people commented that they were glad to see good basic wrestling take over," Nichols said. The "good basic wrestling" Nichols taught was in contrast to the take-'em-down, let-'em-up tactics that had long been in vogue. Simply put, fans got more of a kick out of 9-7 bouts than 3-2 yawners and preferred seeing pins rather than lies of riding.

Nichols, Thomas and others on the rules committee saw to it that stalling was forestalled. No longer can wrestlers consistently win by scoring a two-point takedown and letting their opponents get a one-point escape to set up another takedown. Now they must rely on a wider range of maneuvers.

"The rules against stalling have been around a long time," Nichols said. "They just were not enforced. What we did was interpret the rules so officials and coaches could see that stalling had to be called more and that that was the way wrestling was meant to be."

Nichols was also largely responsible for ending the dominance of the Oklahomans by building a powerhouse at Iowa State. And now his No. 1 powerhouse, the fabled Dan Gable, is keeping the state of Iowa in the forefront. Gable, a 1972 Olympic gold medalist who won two NCAA titles while wrestling for

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WRESTLING continued

Also two individual titles. All of this gave the Hawkeyes 122½ points, 34½ more than runner-up Iowa State.

Lehigh, which qualified only five men for the tournament, was third with 69½ points and also had two champions, Mark Lieberman, who won at 177 pounds for the second straight time, and 134-pounder Darryl Burley, the first freshman titlist since 1973. Lieberman was leading 7-0 when his opponent was disqualified for stalling, the first such ruling in the NCAA's. Burley was a 9-7 victor over Iowa State's Mike Land, who won last season at 126 pounds and had an 84-match winning streak going, the longest in the country. Oklahoma State wound up sixth, equaling its worst showing, and Oklahoma finished ninth.

"Now we're going to celebrate the same way we did last year, by having a pig roast at Jim Tucker's farm back home," said J. Robinson, an assistant coach at Iowa. "Tucker is a big Iowa supporter. Last year Gable dug the pit for the roast and he'll probably do it again because he always likes to do the hard work. Bowlsby will probably be the chef again. After he got pinned, he was really down, but the kids on the team did all they could to make him feel better."

"This team is closer knit than any we've had," Robinson said. "It's like a fraternity. There's also a looseness that keeps the kids going. If anyone gets too high on himself, the others cut him down to where he belongs. You need that kind of closeness and attitude because everyone on our team works out all year round and there gets to be a lot of physical and mental strain."

"So much of wrestling is mental," Gable said. "My kids are so tough mentally. Being mentally tough means battling from beginning to end. I think I generate that attitude in the kids because I don't think they've ever seen me quit at anything."

"I still work out with the kids a lot, but I have to watch out for Kineth. If I don't wrestle him smart and make him wear himself down, he'll run me into the ground. He just keeps going and going."

Kineth kept up his non-stop ways at Ames, and his five pins got him the Outstanding Wrestler award.

"The reason I can go, go, go is because I'm in really good condition," Kineth said. "I beat a lot of guys because I keep coming at 'em. I'm not the

most polished wrestler, or the strongest, but I wear people down. The first time I went to a wrestling camp was when I was in ninth grade. Gable was there. I saw how he never let up on the mat and I decided to model myself after him. At practice, I get myself as tired as I can and then I push myself more. Then, after the other guys have left, I like to stay and work more with Gable."

All that work paid off. Kineth closed out his career by becoming the first since Gable in 1969 to pin his way through the NCAA's. That gave Kineth falls in his last nine bouts, including all four of his matches at the Big Ten championships.

Iowa's second champion was sophomore Randy Lewis. Like many of the Hawkeyes, Lewis enrolled at Iowa largely because of Gable.

"He's my hero," Lewis said. "I like his style of wrestling."

Lewis made his—and Kineth's and Gable's—style pay off with a rousing 20-14 victory in the 126-pound final in which he scored half his points in the third (final) period of the eight-minute match. There were a lot of other fast-paced bouts on Saturday night, with an average of about 20 points being scored in the six that were settled by decisions.

Gene Mills of Syracuse, like Lewis, finished strong, piling up eight points in the last period as he took the 118-pound title with a 16-13 decision. For the second year in a row the winner at 142 pounds was Oregon State's Dan Hicks, this time on a referee's decision. Kelly Ward of Iowa State won 7-2 at 158 pounds. Mark Churella of Michigan, who finished first at 150 pounds last year, moved up two weights to 167 and won on a pin. The winner by a 12-5 decision at 190 pounds was Oklahoma State's Eric Wais. And, despite being outweighed by about 100 pounds, Fred Bohna of UCLA took the heavyweight championship with a 9-5 victory over 325-pound Dave Klemm of Eastern Illinois, who had pinned his first four opponents.

Among the fans in Ames last week was Harold Higgins of Tracer, Iowa, who competed for Iowa State in the first NCAA tournament in 1928. "That was right here in Ames," Higgins recalled. "I lost a 21-minute match at 115 pounds to Harold DeMarsh. After we were all even on riding time after the first 15 minutes, we went another six minutes of overtime."

So much for the good old days. **END**



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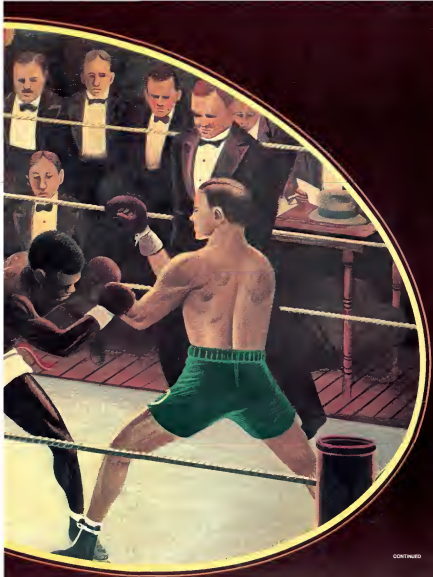


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THE GREAT DUBLIN ROBBERY

Did Mike McTigue really beat Battling Siki for the world title on that fateful St. Patrick's Day? Here, after 56 years, is the true story of what happened





CONTINUED

BY ROBERT CANTWELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHUCK WILKINSON

Hardly anyone ever worked harder than Mike McTigue for so little acclaim. He started fighting in 1909, but there are no records of his bouts before 1914. In the 10 years after that, he won 64 fights, 49 of them by knockout—only to become known as a boxer who lacked a punch. Although the record books list his weight at 175 pounds, he was closer to 165 through most of his career, in the days when weight divisions were more casually determined. He defeated almost every first-rate middleweight and light-heavyweight of the day, yet fame eluded him, even in his native Ireland. In Dublin recently, Paddy Masterson, 84, the dean of Irish fans, said, "McTigue was a middy-noddy man. He'd hit and git away, d'ye know what I mean? He was more of a dogmatical fighter."

On March 17, 1923, in the La Scala Theatre in Dublin, McTigue won the light-heavyweight championship of the world. He won it in a 20-round fight with Battling Siki, who had taken the title from Georges Carpentier in Paris six months earlier. Questions about the fight with Siki have persisted ever since.

Why had a 26-year-old black from French West Africa agreed to fight an Irishman in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day? Didn't he know it was a national holiday? One of the legends surrounding the fight is that when Siki knocked McTigue down, the referee leaned over McTigue and counted slowly, "ONE!" adding in a whisper, "For God's sake, Mike, re-

member you're from County Clare! TWO! Mike, your old father is out there watching you! THREE!" and so on until McTigue eventually struggled to his feet and went on to be awarded the decision.

All false. There were no knockdowns in the fight. There was no long count and no whispering referee. There was a newsreel camera at ringside, and the film of the McTigue-Siki fight recently surfaced after more than half a century. While the film was crudely edited, it shows that the Siki-McTigue fight was scrupulously staged, cleanly fought and overseen with professional competence. The rightness of the decision remains in dispute, however. Most of those who have seen the film feel that Siki was robbed.

As seen now, the flickering figures projected on the screen evoke a sense of fantasy, a nightmare of endless pursuit and unresolved conflict and an air of violence that seems to vanish just when it becomes most violent. The late Carpentier, who was at ringside, remarked, "The fight was one of the most extraordinary I have ever seen. There was something uncanny about it."

For McTigue, the fight was a psychological ordeal. His strength—and ultimately his weakness—was his dignity, reflecting the pride of a craftsman in the ring. "There wasn't a blemish on the man," says John Coughlan of Dublin, who was McTigue's driver on a visit to his native County Clare. "You'd never think he was a fighter. He was the type of a good businessman, by his looks."

McTigue had the poise of a dedicated professional and an aura of composure that went with his even temper. Siki was a muscular and superbly conditioned brawler with undisciplined power; when they met they were like vying embodiments of separate worlds.

Nowadays, if you ask about McTigue in the countryside of western Ireland where he grew up, you do not hear about any fighting in his youth. You hear about his good-heartedness, his strong family feeling, his good sense and especially his training. McTigue was a fanatic on fitness as a boy, strong enough to work as a blacksmith when he was 16 years old.

Michael Francis McTigue was born in 1892 in Kilnamona, a small parish about

five miles from Ennis, the biggest city in Clare. His father was a stonemason whose size and strength had won him the title of "kippen," or bully boy, the keeper of the peace. A farmer, he leased some 30 acres, as had his father and grandfather before him, in a mile-wide valley. It is weirdly empty country. Long stone fences slant up the low hills, and the farmhouses are so far apart that the region seems uninhabited. The neighborhood was even emptier in McTigue's boyhood. This part of Ireland was particularly devastated by the potato famine of 1845; when McTigue was growing up, about 14,000 residents of Clare moved out every decade, most of them to New York and Boston.

The thatched-roof cottage where Mc-

Tigue and his 11 brothers and sisters grew up has been torn down, and only the stones remain, but behind the site there is still the hilltop pasture, the size of a football field, where McTigue trained. He was a track star, a sprinter and high jumper, remembered now because he trained every day in that pasture. In his early teens, McTigue won the high jump in a meet between the six counties of southern Ireland; no one recalls the height.

The McTigues and their cousins, the Rynnes and the Murphys, were stars in the Gaelic Athletic Association, a chapter of which was formed in Kilmamona in 1884. "They were big, fine-looking fellows," says Joe Breen, a nephew of Mike McTigue. "Regarding sportsmanship, they could not be surpassed." They were

in any sport that was national—hurling, cross-country running, cycling, fishing, hunting—national meaning Irish, or any sport not invented by the English.

"We coursed bares," says Tom McTigue, Mike's younger brother, a ruddy-checked, square-shouldered man whose cure with his recollections makes you think of a judge delivering an opinion. "You got half a crown for a hare and one and sixpence for a rabbit. There were lots of hares in those days, but in that rolling country it wasn't easy to get at them. As soon as you loosed the dogs, the bares would go for the tops of the hills, and once they were there they were gone; the dogs couldn't get to them. Mike didn't care much for the dogs. He liked to hunt, shooting wild ducks and wild geese and

continued



McTIGUE

continued



fishing in the lakes and up the river."

George Gardner, who held the world light-heavyweight championship for five months in 1903, until he lost it to Bob Fitzsimmons, was born in Lisdoonvarna, a few miles from Kilmorna, but Mike McTigue apparently had no interest in professional fighting. Did he have any fights at all?

"When the British ruled Ireland," Tom McTigue begins, "and when the people couldn't pay the rent, the British would set up sentry boxes in front of the farms. The lads would harass the sentries, and that was a cause of a lot of trouble. One of the reasons Mike had to leave Ireland was that he hit one of the sentries with a rock. He had to appear in court in Limerick city because of it. And there it was that a friend of his, Pat Haggerty, was shot at. And Mike was in a fight because of that. It was with a fellow by the name of ... the fellow that fired the shot. But I can't remember his name."

He pauses for a full minute. "No, I

can't remember it. But Mike went to England in 1910, and then to New York in 1912. He got a job in a packinghouse, lifting sides of beef. It was heavy work. I did that too, later on. Mike got into fighting on that job. He had a fight with a man at the packing plant, a big man, and Mike put him away. Someone saw that fight and said to Mike, 'You should be in the ring.'"

Siki was born Sept. 16, 1897, in a fishing village outside of St. Louis, the capital of Senegal. At 10, he was one of the boys who dived for coins tossed by passengers on the ships in the harbor. He was a good diver and a show-off; people remembered him.

Then Siki suddenly turned up in a villa on the French Riviera, adopted, according to one legend, by a French actress and singer. One story is that the actress took him from Senegal to France, where she dressed him up in a little green uniform and kept him in her service. Another story is that he signed on as a sea-

man, jumped ship and was stranded in Marseilles. In any case, he had lived on the Riviera, and learned to read and write. He had been adopted and given the legal name of Louis Phal.

When the actress died, so the one story goes, Siki worked as a busboy in resort hotels, and then began fighting in a fair that went from one small town to another.

Richard West, a writer for the London Spectator, recently found a new source of information about Siki in Roland Digne of St. Louis, who had known Siki in his own childhood. Unlike other blacks in French Africa, the Senegalese were French citizens. Blaise Digne, Roland's father, was the first African elected to the French Chamber of Deputies. At the start of World War I, Blaise Digne led a drive to recruit Senegalese residing in France into the French Army. Siki was one of these recruits, and Digne became his friend and benefactor.

Siki became a war hero: he was wounded, and won both the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire. He also participated in some army boxing matches. After the war, he was a street sweeper in Paris until a chance to fight professionally came along. Siki's odd, plunging style, his exotic background, his heroic war record and his recklessness made him a sensation and the darling of the intellectuals.

Siki knocked out a series of unknowns in half the countries of Europe before the boxing world took him seriously. He was a born actor—he even appeared in a film made in Paris—and he was something of a clown between fights. He paraded through Montmartre carrying a pet monkey on his shoulder and leading a lion cub on a leash. The animals were supplied by admirers to emphasize his African heritage. He drank heavily and wined and dined his friends. "Do not be alarmed," wrote George Bernard Shaw, who had been an amateur boxer in his youth and was considered a shrewd commentator on prizefighting. "Siki will not assume the title of Emperor of Senegal and march on Paris."

Siki's stock-in-trade was his concentrated menace. He shot into action with his head down and his arms flailing in torrential attacks that were particularly effective because he could keep them going

continued

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McTIGUE

continued

for so long. He won 44 of his 48 recorded fights before he met McTigue, 20 by knockout. But it was Siki's potential power rather than his actual achievements that fired the imagination of his followers. Could he beat Jack Dempsey? Siki was described floridly as an uncorrupted natural man, a primitive force from the jungle whose strength and instinctive hunting spirit shattered the skills of fighters from an overcivilized Europe.

Shaw, whose novel *Cashel Byron's Profession* was about prizefighting, dismissed such speculations: "Siki has all the negro qualities as a pugilist," he wrote, "toughness about the head, trickiness and speed on his feet (much cleverer and quicker than Carpentier) and

the characteristic negro combination of romantic pluck and good humor." It was hard to say how much of Siki's menacing air was genuine and how much of it was cultivated to intimidate his opponents. He could laugh at himself and often seemed amused at his reputation for violence. Nat Fleischer, the late editor and publisher of *The Ring* magazine, told a story of Siki singing *Yes, We Have No Bananas* as he handed out bananas to surprised passersby in the street. Fleischer noted that Siki sang very well.

McTigue's slow, conscientious climb to the top ranks began when he was 17. His first recorded professional fight was with one Happy Howard in 1914. Later in his

career, Howard was good enough to last 10 rounds with Harry Greb at a time when the "Human Windmill" was taking on contenders of Howard's stature at the rate of one a week. McTigue lost to Howard on a foul, one of only two such defeats in his 146 fights. But then, starting in 1915, when he was 22, McTigue had 39 bouts in two years, winning 25 by knockout. The merits of those opponents are hard to determine; the only thing known about most of them is that he knocked them out.

Perhaps weary of the action, McTigue slowed his pace and became the boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club. In 17 fights from 1917 through 1919, his style became fixed. He would keep out of harm's way in the early rounds, landing an occasional long left jab while waiting for the chance to get in a finalizing right at close range. If the opportunity came, he changed instantly into a flat-footed slugger, either scoring a knockout or impressively piling up points. Still, if an opening didn't appear, McTigue didn't force it, and he remained untroubled by the booring that followed. It is hard to judge old-time boxing records, because New York, among several other states, had a "no decision" law to discourage betting on fights. Not that it worked; fans continued to bet, paying off according to newspaper accounts, in which the sportswriter determined the winner. In 99 recorded fights before McTigue met Siki, no less than 31 were such no-decision affairs. Despite his impressive record, fame continued to elude him.

McTigue remained undisturbed. His style matched his manner. He was on friendly terms with the celebrities who made up much of the membership of the New York Athletic Club—politicians, promoters, writers and actors with sports interests, socialites and financiers who admired his skill as a boxer and his easy social presence.

Among McTigue's most memorable fights was one with Bartling Ortega in Boston in 1919, for which he was paid \$700, his biggest purse in six years as a pro. Ortega tore into McTigue with a violence that shattered McTigue's defensive skill. The Irishman later recalled being almost unseemly in the early rounds. But he kept going like an automaton and Ortega could not knock him

continued



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McTIGUE

continued

out. By the 12th, and final, round, McTigue's head had cleared, however, and when Ortega launched a final wild drive, McTigue floored him three times to end the fight.

Then there was his fight with Gene Brosseau in 1920 in Halifax for the middleweight championship of Canada. A news report described McTigue merely as "the boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club." McTigue boxed with his usual unaggressive mastery until the fifth round. Then, when Brosseau was momentarily cornered, McTigue landed several straight lefts and knocked Brosseau out with a short right.

In a 12-round bout with Panama Joe Gans on Sept. 5, 1921, an apparently beaten McTigue came back so strongly in the last rounds that the newspapers declared it a draw. Gans previously had knocked out Tiger Flowers, who went on to become the middleweight champion; it was the first defeat in Flowers' career.

McTigue defeated Tommy Robson, now forgotten, but then noted for having beaten Johnny Wilson when Wilson was on his way to the middleweight title, and also for having beaten Jack Delaney before he became light-heavyweight champ. McTigue's fight with Lou Bogash in March of 1922 was a draw; three months later Bogash beat Mickey Walker, before he became the welterweight and middleweight champ. And that was McTigue's strange negative virtue: people who could go in the ring and beat better fighters than McTigue couldn't beat him.

A writer in *The Irish Press* reported to the folks back in Ireland that McTigue lived quietly with his wife and two daughters in a Long Island suburb and enjoyed a fine reputation as a clean fighter in the mob-infested '20s. McTigue was a gentleman—temperate, patient and sociable, but altogether independent. He was invariably polite and civilized, said *The Irish Press*; he had a round boyish face, "smiled easily, spoke quietly, dressed immaculately." He expected other people to act politely also, which was scarcely the most appropriate attitude for a fight with Battling Siki.

Fifty-five thousand spectators appeared at the new velodrome in Paris in the fall of 1922 for the Carpentier-Siki fight-

heavyweight title fight, the biggest crowd in European boxing history. In the first two rounds Carpentier flicked punches to the head, and at one point Siki dropped to one knee, although he was up before a count could begin. George Bernard Shaw wrote that any white pugilist would have been down and out half a dozen times from the blows that Carpentier landed, "but they did not worry Siki for a moment." In the third round, Siki was down for a count of seven. What happened after that led to one of the most cloudy of fight controversies. One account is that Siki leaped to his feet and shot across the ring with the terrific acceleration that marked his rushes and landed a blow to the chin of Carpentier. A review of that film shows that both fighters at this point were trading hard punches to the head. One writer noted that the crowd "suddenly realized that uncontrollable forces had broken loose." Siki battered Carpentier with nonstop,

roundhouse punches. Midway through the sixth round Carpentier was knocked out. As he was falling, one of his legs became entangled with Siki's. Carpentier lay unconscious and was later taken by ambulance to a hospital. In the hysteria of the moment, the referee ruled that Siki had tripped Carpentier illegally and awarded the fight to Carpentier. An hour later, the judges reversed this preposterous decision and declared Siki the light-heavyweight champion of the world.

McTigue was on a liner in the mid-Atlantic, bound for France to arrange a title fight with Carpentier, when the wireless crackled with the stunning news of Siki's victory. So McTigue went to England instead, where he had four warmup bouts in four months to prepare for the Siki match on which he had now set his sights. Two of these bouts impressed British observers: McTigue knocked out Johnny Basham, an enormously popular former middleweight champion of Britain, and

then knocked out Harry Reeve in the third round, less time than Siki had required when he fought Reeve.

But the problems of lining up a fight with Siki seemed almost insoluble. Although Siki announced that he had reformed and was going to behave like a world champion—a resolve that lasted only about 24 hours—the main problem was that he wanted to fight Dempsey for the heavyweight title. But at the same time, Siki was suspended from fighting in France. He had acted as a second for another fighter, a friend, and had punched the opposing fighter's manager. Having already gone through most of his winnings—something that happened after most of his fights—Siki was broke. He went to his old friend Blaise Diagne, then a French Cabinet minister.

Siki told Diagne that the Carpentier fight had been fixed and that he had double-crossed the fixers. His manager and Carpentier's manager had agreed that

continued



Siki was to be knocked out in the fourth round, Siki said. In the first round, he was to drop to one knee as a signal to Carpenter; in the third he was to take a long count to make a prearranged fourth-round knockout look good. But Siki said the enormous crowd, his following—and his shame as the count was tolled—made it impossible for him to go through with the frame-up.

Digné was outraged. He repeated Siki's story in the Chamber of Deputies and demanded an official investigation. Siki, he said, was merely an uneducated, childlike native preyed upon and swindled, a symbol of the blacks of French Africa. Carpenter's apparent connivance in the plot became an international scandal, but no action was taken against him. As for Siki, who remained suspended in France, he needed not only a stirring victory to clear his name, but he also needed money.

Lad Ray was not a fight promoter. He was a wealthy Dublin sportsman who spent much of his time riding to the hounds and training a few racehorses on his farm. In this last pursuit he was not notably successful; his best horse, Odd Cat, finished third in an Irish Grand National. Lad Ray was a cosmopolitan, a linguist, a gambler and a lover of drama—and also was a most unusual character in the Ireland of his time: staging a world championship fight in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day was a bold promotional stroke. The likes of John L. Sullivan and Jack Johnson had been seen from time to time in exhibitions at the old Rorunda in Dublin, and local promoters had occasionally staged professional fights there, but these were of little consequence; the winner was lucky to get a couple of quid. Unlike English upper-class sportsmen, Irish gentlemen had nothing to do with the fights. "If you mentioned boxing," says Paddy Masterson, "you were a blackguard." But Lad Ray was unconventional, and he thought the time had come to stir things up in Dublin.

In this he differed from the authorities of the newly established Free State, who thought the fight might provoke the worst riot in Dublin history. Not because it would pit a black man against an Irish-

man; that had nothing to do with it. The reason was that the fight would draw a great crowd, and supporters of the Free State and supporters of the Republic would come to blows and gunfire. However, Lad Ray felt that in the excitement of the fight, political differences would be laid aside.

In addition to not being able to fight in France, Siki had been refused permission to box in England. A proposed match between Siki and the heavyweight champion of England, Joe Beckett, had been disallowed by the Home Office because "in bouts between men of color and white men, the temperaments of the contestants are not comparable, and, moreover, all sorts of passions are aroused." At first, Siki was reluctant to fight in Ireland, but he agreed when he was allowed to pick the referee; he chose a highly respected Englishman named Jack Smith.

In Dublin, Siki trained hard. He was quartered in the old Claremont Hotel outside the city, and jogged eight miles daily to work out in the Rounds. For sixpence, the locals could watch him spar, "puffing and snorting so loud you could hear him way over on O'Connell Street." Blacks were rarely seen in Dublin in 1923, and Siki was an intimidating figure, "strong as a bull and as lithe and fierce as a black panther," said *The Sporting Life*. But he seemed uneasy. When he rode down O'Connell Street with a cheetah on a chain on the roof of his taxi, his showmanship was obviously out of place. O'Connell Street was a waste of shattered glass after the shelling of Republican strongholds.

Eamon de Valera, the president of the shadowy Republic of Ireland, was in Dublin at the time. When the Irish Free State was established by treaty with England in 1922, Republicans under De Valera had refused any settlement less than a united Ireland and complete independence, and the civil war that followed between the Republicans and the Free Staters, who held less uncompromising views, was now in its final phase. To De Valera, the prospect of a great public spectacle in the midst of the country's suffering was intolerable. That it should be held on St. Patrick's Day seemed especially inappropriate; he was fond of the old saying that on St. Patrick's Day there

was a trout in every pool, a nest in every tree, and a heifer in every paddock in Ireland.

De Valera's government ordered the fight stopped. Both sides in the civil war opposed it. But when Lad Ray opened the doors of the La Scala Theatre at six o'clock, on schedule, the government backed down. A double line of soldiers ringed the area. The fans were searched when they went inside, and once there they could not get back out. There were 3,000 seats—\$1.10 for ringside—and the fans straggled in one by one, the last arriving at 8.30, just before the main event.

Outside, the crowd grew steadily. The magnificent old theater was on O'Connell Street next to the Post Office, the scene of the main fighting in the Easter Rising of 1916. The entrance to the theater was on narrow Prince's Street beside the Post Office, but the crowd overflowed the side street and packed the wide expanse of O'Connell Street itself. By the time the preliminaries were over, hundreds of men were jammed shoulder to shoulder in a dark mass under the dim street lamps, Republicans and Free Staters alike, silently gathering in a city where all public assemblies had long been prohibited. Just before the fight began, a bomb exploded in a nearby building. It shook the theater, breaking windows and injuring two children. But it was a minor explosion, considering the threats that the roof of the La Scala was to be blown sky-high.

Siki and McTigue entered the ring at 8.15. McTigue looked pale and thin and unprepossessing compared to Siki. Through the first six rounds, while the rest of the audience sat in relative silence, the multitude of sportsmen, representing the major newspapers of London, Paris and New York, in addition to every Irish daily, were preoccupied with finding different ways of saying that McTigue was on the run. "Siki dashed to the attack. McTigue was entirely on the defensive, obviously weighing his man and taking no chances" (*The Irish Times*). "Round 2 was a repetition of the first. Siki tried hard for a knockout" (*The New York Times*). "Round 3: Siki drove McTigue to his corner, where he landed a left flush to the face" (*Clare Champion*). Round 4: "Siki landed twice on the body and head" (*The Irish Times*). "Siki was obviously puzzled by Mc-

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Tigue's defense" (*The New York Times*).

The fight film, spotty and unclear as much of it is, gives a far more lively account despite the fact that it compresses two rounds into one until rounds 19 and 20. McTigue walked slowly to the center of the ring, arms extended, showing no eagerness to get things started. Siki touched McTigue's outstretched gloves and then—as though suddenly remembering where he was—propelled himself at McTigue in a headlong rush. He swung wildly, driving McTigue into the ropes and almost through them. McTigue sidestepped. Siki ran at him again, head lowered, swinging hard. "McTigue dodged a dangerous-looking swing which, had it found its billet, would have ended the matter then and there" (*Clare Champion*). Having missed, Siki again drove McTigue to the ropes, but again McTigue got away.

Through the first six rounds McTigue endured perhaps the worst humiliation of his professional life. A knockout—and it seemed only a question of time before one was coming—would have been easier to bear than the ignominy he had to suffer. The strategy that had sustained him through 99 fights was plainly not working; he could not jab and get out of the way because Siki was always on him in an inelegant onslaught of collisions and flailing arms.

What was lost in the violence was McTigue's dignity: looking at the film, one is reminded of Buster Keaton in *Battling Butler*, a rich boy accidentally matched against the champion of the world, looking as surprised as some innocent bystander who has been attacked by a ruffian in the street.

"Siki was obviously puzzled by McTigue's defense and started to look hopelessly for the Irishman" (*The New York Times*). Time and again McTigue was pinned against the ropes. Siki closed in, right arm cocked, like a woodchopper, and McTigue bolted and ran around the ring. Siki ran after him, trying to hit him in the back. "McTigue was compelling the black to follow him around the ring" (*The Irish Times*).

In the sixth, the Irishman at last landed a solid right. He continued his new-found aggression in the seventh, a round that a viewer of the film might award to McTigue. By the eighth round, however,

Siki was on the attack again. He began stalking McTigue, waiting for the chance to get in the one blow needed to end it (he later said he believed he already had the fight won). The camera caught some eerie instances that the reporters did not mention, though *The Sporting Life* compared Siki to a panther, "sinking out fiercely anywhere and everywhere." At one point, Siki bent double, almost slithering across the ring, suddenly springing erect close to McTigue and swinging with both hands. "I thought he had dropped to all fours and crawled across the ring and jumped to his feet," said William Blackburn in Dublin the other day, remembering that chilling moment.

But Siki kept missing, and McTigue landed occasional jabs to the head. According to one account, the crowd began to yell, "Hit him, Mike! Hit him!" Even the silent film's brief glimpses of the audience show a quickening of interest that was lacking in the early rounds. In the 10th, when Siki began a cautious sparing, McTigue landed a right-left-right combination that jolted Siki. Yet when McTigue tried to fight toe to toe with Siki in the 11th, a hard right cut a gash over his left eye, which began to bleed freely.

Siki now returned to his headlong rushes, with McTigue concentrating on keeping out of the way. In the 14th, Siki clinched for the first time. In the next round, Siki reopened the cut over McTigue's eye with a long left, but he also took a right to the jaw that stopped him in his tracks.

Though it is tricky to judge from the edited film, three of the last five rounds appear to be McTigue's. Siki's desperate attempts for a knockout, given his scythe-like swings, left him open to counter-punches. In the combined 17th and 18th rounds, McTigue, no longer backing away, ducked several swings and landed solid rights and lefts to the head, apparently astonished that Siki remained upright. Several times he shoved Siki into the ropes. In the 19th, Siki landed a powerful right to the jaw as McTigue twisted away and ran.

Reports of the fight said the crowd fell silent before the 20th round. The seconds ticked away in a hush of expectancy. Siki was unmarked; McTigue had a bloody forehead, a swollen mouth and

bruised cheeks. At the bell, Siki typically launched himself into action. Dodging another roundhouse swing, McTigue hammered in a short right. The crowd was yelling, "McTigue! McTigue! McTigue!" The men were trading punches in the center of the ring when the bell sounded.

McTIGUE BEATS SIKI ON POINTS, A DISAPPOINTING FIGHT. So ran the headline across *The Irish Times*. It was the same old story with McTigue, who was never so disappointing as when he won. When the referee raised his arm, McTigue's father, pushing his way through the crowd, lifted up his son, spun him around in the air, and kissed him. Back in the dressing room, Siki kept repeating in French, "I beat him! I beat him."

Outside, the Republicans and Free Staters cheered, until the familiar sound of gunfire in the Dublin streets led them to disperse. But it was only the government soldiers firing into the air to clear a passage so that the crowd in the theater could leave.

 It might long bonfires blazed on the hills around Kilmomona. "The scenes that followed can scarcely be described," said the *Clare Champion*, which then went on to describe them. "All our people, young and old, were frantic with joy. Cheers for McTigue, for Kilmomona and for Clare rent the air. Tongues of fire shot up here and there on the distant hills, until the whole country seemed ablaze."

But had McTigue really won? By all accounts—and the old film confirms them—the fight was Siki's through the first six rounds, and he was the aggressor through most of the remainder. After-the-fight discussions were tributes to McTigue's skill: "He was the personification of coolness and his footwork and ringcraft were superb," for example, or "McTigue's wonderful defense and dexterity in avoiding punishment were object lessons in themselves." But no contemporary observer, looking at McTigue on the screen, could agree with that. He was awkward and woefully inept in the one thing that counted: he could not damage Siki despite innumerable opportunities to do so. He had fractured the thumb on his right hand in the fourth

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IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

McTIGUE

continued

round and that may have contributed to his ineffectiveness.

"McTigue gave one of the greatest demonstrations of ring generalship that I have ever seen," the referee said. "If he had tried to fight Siki he would have lost. Boxing him, he won." Even *The Sporting Times*' rather skeptical reporter said, "Any man less resourceful would have been brought down by Siki's whipping, slashing blows."

Indeed, there was a kind of heroism in McTigue's humiliating retreat and his acceptance of indignity, especially before his countrymen, in the midst of a civil war, on St. Patrick's Day. McTigue's dignity was almost as much a part of his fighting life as his fists, and its sacrifice was harrowing to observe.

The film may not end arguments about the fight, but it plainly establishes one important matter: it was a real fight. The legends—including the referee's urging of the recumbent McTigue to get up and fight—are ridiculous in the face of its painful truth. As Carpenter said, there was something uncanny about the fight. In the eye of the camera, McTigue and Siki were fighting invisible opponents rather than each other, Siki forever swinging at someone who wasn't there and McTigue defending himself against a menacing figure which transcended the opponent he actually faced.

Two months after the fight, De Valera's Republican government ordered a stop to hostilities; the great fight riot which might have aggravated the hostilities, or destroyed confidence in the stability of the new government, had not come off, and the civil war was over. *The Saturday Record* asked its readers who opposed prizefighting to consider if a fight in a ring, and other sports, "were not less injurious than a night spent skulking behind a wall with a revolver or a can of petrol."

Late in the summer of 1923, Siki sailed to New York, receiving a surprise welcome at the dock from McTigue. He continued his boxing career in the U.S. with indifferent success. He also continued to live it up, promenading down Broadway in evening clothes in the middle of the day and sometimes tipping 10 times the amount of his check in restaurants and speakeasies.

Siki was shot to death near his home in Hell's Kitchen on Dec. 15, 1925. He was 28; the case was never solved. In a eulogy at Siki's funeral service, the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell said, "No man ever came out of Africa who had a more dramatic life or had a more tragic ending. A lack of proper preparation or a noble purpose were the two dreadful mistakes of his life. Our civilization is perhaps more to blame for these mistakes than he was."

McTigue had returned to the U.S. in May of 1923 to a clamorous reception. In June he fought Tommy Loughran, who later became the light-heavyweight champ; it was a no-decision bout, but *The New York Times* reported that Loughran was the winner. In October, McTigue fought Young Stribling, "The Georgia Peach," idol of the South, in Columbus, Ga. McTigue was about as popular there as Siki had been in Dublin. Like Siki, McTigue insisted upon a referee of his own choosing, Harry Ertle, of Jersey City, who called the fight a draw. After the decision was announced, a number of armed rednecks leaped into the ring and threatened to lynch both McTigue and Ertle, who quickly raised Stribling's arm. Three hours later, when he returned to New York, Ertle reversed himself, calling the fight a draw. And so it stands in the record books.

McTigue lost his title to Paul Berlenbach at Yankee Stadium on May 30, 1925. *The Times* reported that Berlenbach "hammered the defending champion relentlessly." McTigue, who lost all but three of the 15 rounds, was "bleeding and weary, a sorry spectacle, yet deserving of sympathy."

McTigue fought for nearly six more years, winning about half his fights. The Depression coincided with his retirement, wiping out investments of some \$150,000. He became a laborer, once shoveling snow on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and opened a restaurant in Queens, which he ran for some 15 years. During World War II he was a physical instructor at a naval base on Staten Island, where he suffered a back injury. Later he seriously injured a leg in an auto accident and was in and out of hospitals for the last 15 years of his life. He died on Aug. 12, 1966 at the age of 73. **END**

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As I Did It

by BILL ROSENBERG

A WOULD-BE DODGER TWICE DENIED CASEY. RESULT: STENGEL 2, ROOKIE 0

I slipped into a rear-window seat of the bus, glad to get away from the penetrating winds of early March. The terminal was slightly hazy with gas fumes, the cement floor patched with areas of frozen snow that had drifted in. I put my luggage on the overhead rack. An elderly lady sat down beside me.

Slightly more than an hour ago, with my parents' and brothers' goodbyes still in my ears, I had boarded the subway out of Flatbush Station, Orlando, Fla. The Dodgers under Casey Stengel were to begin spring training in two days, and with the confidence of youth I was on my way.

The year was 1934, the height of the Depression. My father was one of the lucky ones still at work, though suffering from an as yet undiagnosed ailment. The past summer I had been the bespectacled shortstop on a semi-pro team, batting and fielding well, with a strong and accurate arm. After watching me play, a scout from the Bay Parkways of Brooklyn, a better semi-pro club, invited me to work out with his team, and for several weeks I participated in batting and fielding practice. I even got into two games. Then one Sunday, the Dodgers invited me to come to their Orlando camp the following spring. It was my first time away from my family. Although my cockiness and assurance drained away as the bus pulled out of the terminal, my doubts had faded by the time the 28-hour trip ended at Orlando.

A 10-minute stroll from my hotel and I was in the Dodger clubhouse. Dan Comerford, with many years of service, the elder statesman of the organization, checked his list of rookies and handed me a uniform. It was slightly roomy, but I can still feel the pride that swept over me as I put on the shirt and looked down at the letters: DODGERS.

Pepper and Calisthenics were the first day's activities. The regulars were very pleasant to me. Joe Stripp, Lonny Frey, Al Lopez and Johnny Fredrick joined me

in a game of pepper. The second day, more of the same. On the third day the veterans took light batting and fielding practice.

The fourth day did it. Casey Stengel, who hadn't looked my way once, was hitting grounders to his regular infielders while keeping up a running commentary on the action. Loneliness and a sense of abandonment engulfed me. I wasn't getting a chance. Inexperience in the ways of pro ball, I didn't realize that patience was part of the game and that eventually my opportunity would come. I blurted out, "I can run faster than any of the guys out there!"

Casey stopped in the process of slamming a grounder, turned to me and said softly, "Son, let's see how fast you can run out of the ball park."

The next day the incident was a small item in a New York paper. When I returned to the park, Casey was again hitting grounders. Shortly, he turned his head slightly and said, "You with the beans. Get out there, wherever you belong."

Galvanized, I ran out to shortstop Frey, politely backed up a few feet, and Casey went to work. Hitting the top part of the ball, he sent a grounder at me with a wicked hop. I stayed with it and tossed it to first. He hit under the ball, and it hugged the ground. Tough, but I fielded it cleanly. For 10 minutes Casey didn't let up. I came up with everything, but not a word from Casey.

Batting practice. When my turn came, I groped among the bats. All were too heavy. I had always used a Babe Ruth model—thin handle, thick top. I looked pleadingly at some of the regulars. No results. They kept their bats separate from the odd ones that lay on the ground near the backstop.

"Grab some wood and get goin'!" Casey's voice was filled with impatience. I wound up with a telegraph pole, but by choking up three inches I felt I could still take a good cut. I dug in at the plate, and the pitcher poured a fast ball past me, then another, and another. I succeeded in fouling only one pitch.

As we changed to street clothes a little later, Comerford approached, handed me an unsealed envelope, slapped my shoulder in a friendly manner and wordlessly went about the clubhouse handing envelopes to several other youngsters.

In my hotel room I opened the envelope. It came as no great shock to me,

after my batting fiasco, to read an introductory letter to Bill McCorty, manager of the Albany International League team. I was to report to Hawkins Stadium for a trial. A ray of hope.

The stadium was on the outskirts of town. The Albany team consisted of ball players just passing through. There was Del Bissonette, who had starred with the Dodgers, Jake Powell, later with the Yanks; Fred Sington, the All-America football star, Hal Finney, Bill Brubaker, Gus Dugas. After playing in two exhibition games for Albany, I thought I was doing pretty well, but early in June my baseball career came to an abrupt halt. A telegram from home. My father was seriously ill.

I walked into the house the next day and found the entire family—my parents and three brothers—occupying one room that reeked of smoke. Two days earlier the apartment had caught fire. There were no injuries, but everything was ruined. Forget baseball. A job was paramount now, and jobs were hard to find, but my brother Sid and I managed to keep the family going.

Then in September, the hopes that had been dormant since June were awakened by a column that appeared in the morning papers. The Dodgers were to hold a tryout session at Ebbets Field at 9 a.m. that Saturday. So there I was on the infield of Ebbets Field, picking up grounders and tossing to first. I recognized many of the boys working out because I'd played against them. The fielders who showed the most were singled out for a turn at bat. I was among them. And here came Casey Stengel, striding out to the back of the batting cage. As each batter took his swings, Casey encouraged him with, "Take a good one!" "Don't bite at the bad ones!" "Look 'em over!"

Finally, my turn came.

"Make 'em good," Casey chanted.

The first pitch—chin high. I let it go. The second—outside by a foot. The third—ankle high. I looked sideways at Casey. Several more pitches were high.

"Let's see you swing at a ball," said Casey.

I never learn. "You're telling me to take the good ones," I said, "and I haven't seen any."

"Next!" The Dodger manager's thumb was pointing me in the direction of the clubhouse. So ended my second encounter with the mighty Casey.

Casey and me never made three. **END**

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WE PLANNED IT THAT WAY.  **Head**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BATTER UP!

Sir:

I'm ready. SI's ready. Everyone's ready for baseball again. Your articles on the New York-Boston playoff (*A Day of Light and Shadows*, Feb. 26) and on spring training (*Back to School*, March 5) were great and had some of the best artwork yet.

I recently saw Walt Spitzmiller's painting of football violence that you used on the cover of your Aug. 14 issue—and many other *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* works—at the Society of Illustrators annual show in New York City. I hope next year's show will include some of these baseball pictures.

I'm ready for the season. I just hope my Gramps are ready, too.

MYRON GRUSMAN
New York City

Sir:

Congratulations to Walt Spitzmiller for those wonderful illustrations. They are the finest examples of baseball art I have seen since the 1951 and 1952 Bowman Great baseball cards. Each year, in spring-training camps opened, I would climb to the attic and dust off those old cards. After last spring's trip to the attic, I made the mistake of showing them to a collector. Five hundred dollars seemed like a fair offer—until today, when Spitzmiller reminded me that my youth and my baseball cards have vanished. Please don't let Spitzmiller get away.

JOE SHADWELL JR.
Upton, Miss.

BETTER HOCKEY

Sir:

My thanks to SI and Harry Sinden for that fine article *A Game the NHL Can't Win* (March 5). It got down to the old, hard facts of how and why the Soviets play better hockey than the NHL does.

GLENN MEYER
Runkoconk, N.Y.

Sir:

When hockey is played the way it is supposed to be, it is the most exciting and beautiful sport in the world. I hope that Harry Sinden's NHL colleagues will read his article and put its suggestions to work. Unless they do, we may see the demise of this game.

I have been involved in amateur hockey in the U.S. for more than 25 years, as a player, coach and official. I love the game and want to see it continue, but not the way it is now being presented by the NHL.

DUKE TRIMBLE
Referee in Chief
New Jersey Youth Hockey League
Montville, N.J.

LEHIGH'S LIEBERMAN

Sir:

Mark Lieberman is the type of competitor amateur wrestlers adore. In Douglas S. Looney's article on him (*The Kid's All Heart*, March 5), several wrestlers and coaches, and even Lieberman himself, stressed the fact that he may not be the most talented, the fastest or the strongest wrestler in the country—but he is the best. This reminded me of a saying my high school coach posted in our wrestling room. It read: "A man shows what he is by what he does with what he has."

More power to Mark Lieberman.
RANDY S. KURLANDER
Old Bridge, N.J.

• See page 62.—ED.

COGHLAN'S TIME

Sir:

Regarding Kenny Moore's report on Easton Coghlan's world-record indoor-mile run (*This Was a Time to Remember*, Feb. 26), there was, for track buffs, an important omission. What was Coghlan's time at the 1,500-meter mark vs.-a-vis the world record for that distance?

MARSHALL O. CROWLEY
Carlsbad, Calif.

• It was 3:37.7—3 second slower than John Walker's world best indoors.—ED.

BEAGLES

Sir:

Being a recent transplant from the Northeast and an avid rabbit hunter, I read Ron Rau's article with delight and incredulity. I would love to see Rau chasing rabbits on foot in Vermont snow (*Every Dog Has His Day*, March 5). Moreover, I admire the perseverance of Rau and his friends in beating the brush in search of stew meat.

But I'm dismayed that Rau harbors such disdain for the beagle, a great hunting dog. When properly trained, it will not chase deer or anything else but rabbits. A real beagle is a sight and sound to behold. One of my uncle's beagles could only be used on jackrabbits; she was so quick she would often run down cottontails.

However, Rau and I share two basic pleasures regarding rabbit hunting: being outdoors and listening to the dog sing, whether the "dog" be man or beast.

THOMAS J. LAYDEN
El Segundo, Calif.

Sir:

Two-legged beagles? Simple-minded beagles? I can't speak for basset hounds, but as a 14-year-old beagle puppy who has chased her

meager share of rabbits, I was amused by Ron Rau's presumption of expertise on the subject of beagles. Do beagles care if rabbits circle? Of course not. Why should we? When people let us out for a run, we glory in the sheer joy of running. Why be bothered trying to run down a silly rabbit so that an even sillier person can shoot it? The next time Rau hangs the label simpson on a beagle, perhaps he should reflect on how he appears when trying to imitate one. I have yet to see a beagle try to imitate a person.

BORISAL FRITZ
Hensley, Pa.

Sir:

Ron Rau's article did not encourage me to rise early on Saturday and pursue a rabbit through the western Pennsylvania woods. But his story was bright, witty and certainly sagacious. Possibly we have been introduced to a substitute for cross-country skiing.

HERB SEUSS
Indiana, Pa.

FOLLOWING THE SKATERS

Sir:

In the pictures accompanying the article on speed skaters Eric and Beis Helden (*Being a Family Fortune*, Feb. 26), the competitors were shown wearing a sort of arm-band around their upper right arms. Would you please settle an argument by informing me as to its function?

JED DOWE
Middlebury, Vt.

• Speed skaters, who compete in pairs and exchange lanes after each lap of a race, sometimes finish in the lane opposite to the one in which they started. Because they often wear similar uniforms, the armband, which bears the skater's number and is either red or white, serves to identify the skater and his or her starting lane (say, red for the inner skater and white for the outer one).—ED.

CRESTED BUTTE

Sir:

The story *Life or Death for a Red Lady* (Feb. 19) is sure to stir the blood of every dedicated environmentalist just by its title alone. But a few facts should be added for much-needed perspective:

1) Mount Emmons, the mountain in question, is only one of 21 peaks within 10 miles of Crested Butte with an altitude of more than 12,000 feet. In fact, nearly half are higher than 12,414-foot Mount Emmons.

2) The area that would be affected by mining is about the same size as that already rendered "dead" by the construction of highways now used for access to existing

continued

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9ETH HOLE continued

Wilderness Areas in Garmon County. Of course, the mine would confine its effects to only one place.

3) Preservation is a relative thing. As SPORTS ILLUSTRATED points out, the Mount Emmons area has been actively mined for 75 of the last 100 years.

4) The State of Colorado now has more than two million acres of existing or pending Wilderness Areas, plus National Parks and Monuments. Yet we are encouraged to save still more land, even though these few hundred acres have a potential value of as much as \$20 million an acre.

How far must this philosophy be stretched before it comes to make sense?

PAUL L. WEBB
Spokane

Sir,

Do sportsmen know where their store-bought equipment really comes from? Graphite fly rod—graphite mine. Bird shot—lead mine. Nylon tent—oil well. Aluminum cook kit—bauxite mine. Color TV—europium (rare earth) mine. The list is endless. And, let us forget, living trees were cut down and koolin clay was most likely mined to produce this issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, which was no doubt printed on presses containing molybdenum alloy steel.

Keep mining out of Crested Butte and we cut off our nose to spite our face. Let's continue sound planning and careful mining to produce the equipment we need to enjoy the great outdoors.

DOUGLAS M. SMITH Jr.
Director
Mineral Exploration Coalition
Denver

Sir,

As a writer and former resident of Crested Butte, I was heartened to see the mining issue gain the national coverage it deserves. Unless one has visited the area, it is impossible to convey the incredible beauty of that valley and the unique character of a town that stands to be destroyed.

Not mentioned in your article were the lands mined by American Metal Climax, Inc. at Climax, Colo. Although Climax is an old mine, anyone who has stood on the edge of the vast expansive knows that there is no environmentally conscious way to mine molybdenum. "A new generation of mines, indeed."

Of course, in the astute words of Bo Colclaw, "I guess you can look at (Mount Emmons) as if it had never been there in the first place." It is also how we should look upon the passenger pigeon and the great herd of bison that once crowded our land.

BARBARA BRIDGES
Gainesville, Fla.

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